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STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT

The fog drifted around the man as he walked onto the bridge. He had noticed in the paper today that there would be a full moon, but the overcast and the fog completely hid the would-be light.

The night was just as he wanted it to be. The fog closed out the early morning world almost completely and enclosed the man in his own private world of his own private thoughts. —Death is a private thing, suicide is a very private thing—this was the way he wanted it. The fog served its purpose.

He walked until he was near the middle of the bridge and stopped between two of the lights where it was the darkest. He looked down over the rail. The fog obscured the water, but he could hear its slow, almost cold-sounding murmur. The man started to pull himself up on the rail, but hesitated. He remembered in his childhood often trying to decide if drowning was the easiest or hardest way of dying. He still hadn't decided. But he had decided that his dying was necessary. He saw his life as meaningless, lacking of any enjoyment for him and even detrimental to others because of its worthlessness. This was the only way out.

He pulled himself up on the rail and looked down through the fog, trying to see the water—just then he heard a footstep. Quickly he slid back onto the footwalk, leaned on the rail and pretended to look into the fog.

A stranger stopped near the man, leaned on the rail and looked into the drifting fog. After a minute he said in a low, clear voice, "Going to play the 'big scene'?"

"What do you mean?"

"The 'big scene'—the death scene—suicide."

"It's none of your business."

"I guess not."

" 'Big scene'—what are you, a beatnik?"

"No, not a beatnik, I just like the expression. I guess I use it in a sarcastic way though. The 'big scene' is not the death scene in life; it's life itself."

"Trying to change your mind?"

"No, it's none of your business, remember?"

"That's right," the man said. He looked deeply into the fog, seeing not fog, but other things. "That's the trouble with life, it's just a big scene—everybody is an actor. It's like William Shakespeare said about the world being a stage and each man having his hour on it, then being heard no more. All of them—of us—are acting a part. All in summer stock for keeps—playing for our lives. And when the play is over, then what? Nothing. Better to end it sooner than later."

The stranger turned from the man after what he had said and looked into the fog. His face showed a mixture of understanding and pain because of what the man had said. As he thought, his face began to soften from this look. Then he seemed to speak his thoughts. "You know they say the best actors actually put themselves into their parts. They live the parts they act. That's what makes them stand out . . . then isn't it the same in life? . . . Don't we each have a part to play, a part that can only be beneficial and meaningful if we put ourselves, our life into it? . . . then we're not acting but living."

The man began to feel the freedom of speaking thoughts, as had the stranger. The fog and their emotions had formed a bond between them, and yet a separation that allowed only thoughts, as words, to pass between them. The man paused before speaking again, sens-

ing this bond but not understanding
"Yes, but what if you've become nu
to life, and are unable to feel the en
tion, the love, the faith that it offer
I haven't got the 'life' of the things
life to put into my part. Isn't it bet
to 'retire' as an actor to give room
those who might make it?"

"But you might make it. Don't y
owe it to your loved ones, friends a
God to try?"

"I have no loved ones, friends or Go

"Don't you owe it to yourself a
them to try and find them?"

"I have tried."

"Try again. Actors sometimes se
to fail before they succeed. Before th
realize that they must put into th
parts the . . ." the stranger's voice
the first time revealed some emoti
". . . the 'spark of life'!"

"What if I fail again?

"No one will know but you. Unl
you learn to know just one person, th
you won't have failed."

"Just one person?"

"It's funny how knowing one pers
will lead you to other people. It's
expanding process. Always increas
. . . if you grow."

"But how can I know people i
don't know myself? My life seems
disconcerted. Everything's in confus
and competition. I'm not sure
anything, not people, God, myself.
think about it and just become nu
to it, to life, and then nothing matt
So I came to . . ."

"You don't really want to, do yo

"No, but . . . it's no use. No
seems to understand."

The stranger looked deeply into
fog and into himself. He had to f
something, something to say . . .
help . . . "Have you ever been to a fa

"Sure," the man said as he looked own at the water which was now isible through the thinning fog.

"You remember those circular rides . . 'Tilt-a-Whirl' I think they're called. nyway, there is a light on each car, nd at night when they're stopped you n see each light on each car, but hen the ride starts to turn the lights egin to fuse together into a solid band f light. What I'm getting at is this: ou have let your life run down. It's ecome too slow, too slow because you op and analyze each detail. You're ecome so engrossed in these details hat you have become numb to the eal meaning and value in life. You've ot to speed your life up. Put fire into . Put the 'spark of life' into it, your *park of life'*."

"Over concern for all the problems no answer. The hardest problems of fe answer themselves, if given the right rospective and time."

"Find one person . . . find more . . . nd your life will speed up . . . you've ot to try . . . everyone's got to try . . I've got to try . . . you . . ."

The stranger once again hinted at notion as he lettered the last few ords. He looked back into the fog. he man leaned on the rail and looked own on the water revealed by the fting fog. The water looked cold. He oked up and to his right at the city. he lights through the thinning fog oked warm. The city looked warm. The stranger was still leaning on the il. The man turned and started walk-g away, then he stopped, turned and id, "I've got to try."

The stranger nodded and smiled. he man walked away.

The stranger was left alone. "He'll all right." he thought. "Deciding the big problem. Thank God I und him in time . . ."

As he turned and walked from the idge, a breeze from the West blew vay the fog, and the overcast cleared vealing a bright moon. Its light made e sky around it blue. Because of light, only the brightest stars were sible; but the others were trying. ●

—*William Rivers*

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JOKIN' AN' LAUGHIN'

The blood-stained armor
Comes back to tell of Eden.
The Furies
Cry revenge on the tops of funeral pyres.
One ostracized hides in a dark basement
(With coal shadows and darkness hammered with
screaming flashes of fire).
Outside, the lights find
Denim that tromps cement.
Outside, to the frozen neon
Retrospective after rain rivers windows.
"Come again to the holy spot of first birth."
Echos again the prophet.
Now Oedipus come home to this?

The return is not the beginning of the trial
But the time after the prayer:
"Buddha, teach us to lie still as we stifle!"
Herdsman slinging wolves from the flock
Convulsing at savage fury
Justifying—
Life is raw while cinders darken.

—AL BONNOIT

STUDENT LIFE IN FRANCE

Undergraduate study in French universities forms a valuable and important period in the lives of the students involved in it. From one foreign student's observations, gathered during a year's study at the University of Paris, the following facts and impressions have been chosen to illustrate a few of the aspects and meanings of student life in France.

The University of Paris, founded in 1253 by Robert de Sorbon, thrives today as one of the world's largest and best known institutions of higher learning. Composed of a number of separate "faculties" and schools of varying sizes, the University can, only with difficulty, be conceived of as a single entity. Its professors, who are carefully chosen and sustained by the government, are among the world's best qualified in their respective fields.

The academic year begins in November and ends in June. Some courses last the entire year and others for only one semester. Holidays include two weeks both at Christmas and at Easter. There are also summer school sessions, but these are attended by relatively few students. Annual registration, which opens on October 15, consists merely of enrollment in the necessary schools and payment of tuition fees. Once enrolled in a certain school, a student has the right to attend any lecture delivered there.

In most courses there is only one weekly class meeting, its attendance being a matter of individual discretion. Classes are generally given in lecture form, with a great deal of emphasis placed on independent study as directed by the lecturer. Grade notation is usually determined by a single, final examination based on either oral or written questioning. Even though there are some small class groups, many of the undergraduate courses contain as many as 1,500 students at a time. Even in large amphitheatres students sometimes have to stand or sit in the aisles because of inadequate seating space. Libraries also, which provide one of the few places for studying, are nearly always filled. Problems of overcrowding haunt most of the larger faculties and are often the subject of periodic student demonstrations. The fact must not be overlooked, however, that a number of more modern and better-equipped facilities have recently been built or are presently under construction. The government, in hopes of improving conditions in Paris, is in the process of creating additional schools outside the city's bounds.

Since there are few actual University dormitories, most students arrange their lodging individually. Some live with families while others rent private apartments, usually consisting of one small room. The French government provides a number of student restaurants where full meals can be obtained for about 25 cents. There are also student reduction rates for public conveyances, museum entries, books, and other fees encountered in University life.

With the vast numbers of schools and students involved, an organized "student body" is virtually an impossibility; therefore, neither the term nor the organization exists. The nearest comparable grouping would be the "body" of students attending one particular school, but even then there is no student government with elected officers. There exist, however, independent student organizations such as the Federation of Students of Letters, or the Communist Youth Movement of France, or probably the largest and most far-reaching one, the Nation Union of French Students. Membership in these organizations is not universal, and their aims often vary widely. In spite of their ssemingly divided state, French students make up an important and influential thinking group in the population of their country.

In their leisure time, students draw heavily upon the rich variety of entertainment offered by the city of Paris. The theatrical productions, movies, operas, concerts, museums, public lectures, and municipal sports events, which are always available, make up a vital part of the general cultural background which contributes to a truly intellectual formation. In the Latin Quarter, in which student population and activities are most concentrated, there is almost continuous social contact between individuals or in groups. Acting as the University "campus," the Latin Quarter is one of the most thickly populated areas in the world, and one which affords an unlimited field of study in human conduct and thought. Probably one of the most profitable student occupations is that of the exchange of ideas. Because of the political, cultural, and philosophical mosaic found in Paris, ideas, which are constantly being expressed and propagated, stimulate hours of discussion each day. This often becomes a subtle, well-balanced, mental game whose outcome depends upon the skill and depth of its players. Such discussion is an influential factor in tempering the intensity of the intellectual atmosphere which envelops the University.

In spite of their independence and relative lack of organization into one body, the students of the University of Paris feel a genuine spiritual unity which plays a considerable role in their existence. This sentiment is well expressed in these words of one French student:

> "This is probably the epoc in our lives when we are most alive. Through our searching, thinking, and learning together, we enjoy a kind of freedom that may never again be ours. Even though we, as individuals, look toward different horizons and fight for contrasting ideals, *the bare fact that we are students is the key to our solidarity.*" ●

—*Thomas D. Whetse*

The Eleventh Hour

The cold has come,
Bold streaks across the plains
Pushing heavy wiggly lines
From Montana to Maine,
And winking, blinking Sol
Has been replaced by snow flurries that really fall.
And because of it all
Ole Stowe Hoyle
Has to stretch across
The eastern states
Passed even Chicago.

But I just can't believe it.
Turnip-greens aren't bitter yet
And the "cud-zoo's" not completely dead
And my windshield wipers
Clear a wet windshield every morning.
And come to think of it
I've yet to see my breath.

I admit I sense a change
In night air
And everywhere
Things are crisp around the edges.

—DICK CECIL

Falling 1965

'he leaves are falling now
)ay and night
Vhether men have time to look or not.
'here is no time left
or the leaves to fall
ust in the day.
.ast night
Vhen solitude woke me up
\nd I looked out my window
\ shadow
'litted past
Veaving through some blackened limbs.
know no one else
'o witness such a leaf
'alling, brightly dead.

—PHILIP PRESTON

Recent American Folk TRADITION

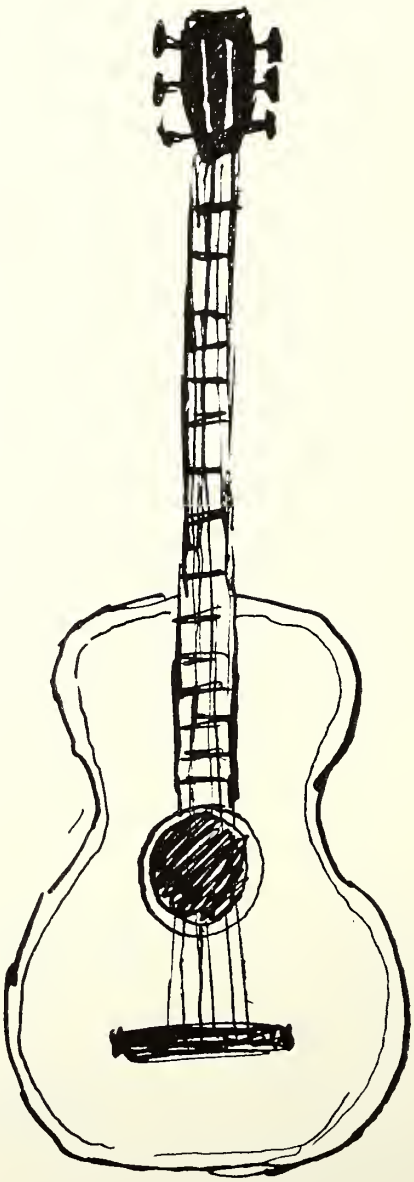
"There are many songs that have been written about the eternal triangle. This next one tells the story of a Mr. Grayson, a beautiful woman, and a condemned man named Tom Dooley. When the sun rises tomorrow, Tom Dooley must hang."

* * *

The song which followed this introduction began a musical trend which literally revolutionized the recording industry. "Tom Dooley" quickly became a million-seller and immediately made the Kingston Trio an over-night success. This record became a seminal force on the American music scene, for all across the country amateur groups and local radio stations were playing "Tom Dooley," and becoming accustomed to the likes of "Wimoweh" and "Zombie Jamboree." Today, folk music has made inroads in almost every phase of popular entertainment—from the most exclusive night clubs in New York to the most obscure juke joints in the smallest towns.

By 1959, it became obvious that the Kingston Trio had innovated a new national fad. All over the nation, performers were organizing groups in hopes of reaping the benefits of this sudden rise in folk music. Record companies were rapidly signing groups to compete in the new sensation. Columbia Records signed the Brothers Four; R. C. A. the Limelighters; and Warner Brothers Peter, Paul, and Mary. At the same time, variant combos appeared and offered further interpretations to the old originals: Ian and Sylvia, The Roof Top Singers, The Chad Mitchell Trio, Bud and Travis, The Journeymen, and many others.

After a short time, the popularity of group singing decreased, and the individual performer began to rise. Among the more noted of this group were Josh White, Pete Seegar, Tom Rush, Oscar Brand, Dave Van Ronk, Theodore B. Kel, Burl Ives, Jack Elliot, Doc Watson, Joan Baez, Carolyn Hester, Lynn Gold and Judy Collins. Josh White, who is a native of Greenville, S. C., Oscar Brand, Pete Seegar, Theodore Bikel and Burl Ives were all old veterans in the folk field—while most of the others were relative newcomers.



While it is profitable to have so many singers giving renditions of the old favorites, one can well imagine that eventually the supply will be depleted. Therefore, the song writers began writing their own "folk" songs—that is, they began to create songs in the folk idiom. One of the most successful men in this area was a young man called Bob Dylan—who first recorded for Columbia records in November, 1961. Dylan introduced a new vocal style and employed a fresh, new variety of top-rate songs. While his own performances left something to be desired, his songs did possess that certain quality which begged to be copied. He soon began to produce more and more records—with the folk music world accepting them enthusiastically. Groups everywhere started singing his songs. Dylan became a leader in the folk tradition. He was labeled by many critics the world's best folk singer and acclaimed by all as having a distinctly new talent.

Yet Dylan, like so many others, changed his outlook toward folk singing and decided to enter the field of popular music—thus making enemies of many of his devoted followers. He found that the simple addition of drums and electric guitars would produce for him the type of music that is now labeled "folk rock." It is almost folk music and almost rock'n roll; and is almost good, but not quite. "Folk rock" will eventually be copied and adopted by many groups, but there will still be others who will stick closer to traditional lines and preserve the excellence found in true "folk" music. Dylan's style is setting the pace for today, but time will soon prove that his innovation will eventually yield to the merits of the true folk idiom. ●

—*Jack Sprott*

THE TROLL MUST DIE

Come quickly, goat-girl!
The moon is rising, it will soon be dark . . .
And bring your animals
(Your sleepy animals).
Bear them lightly to the bridge.
And bring your dreams
You foolish girl,
Bring all your pretty dreams.

Perhaps that I shall sing you songs of one
Who trembled there in terror from the sun
As it danced sunbeams from enchanted streams
And made his body sick.

Come quickly, goat-girl!
I will make you laugh and dance—
And bring your animals
(Your sleepy animals),
And you shall see
In the last sunshine
Why he must die.

—Harold Lawrence, Jr.

THE CITY

Gusts of wind from a crowded avenue
Smoke from fried potatoes, gas fumes, new
merchandise
Through a half-deserted park
Pigeons the old man selling pencils
At the base of a hero's mighty statue
Across the muddy harbor into the marshlands.

—Kent Bishop

THE VIPER

When one is lonely the mind often wanders into the past. But someday, in some hushed moment of obscurity, a heart too will return to those pleasant dreams of what *once* was.

Cynthia wanted to be taken, and she was. Not to say that she didn't love David. She did, very much. In fact, she'd have married him if he had ever stopped staring at the celestial with his wistful, "Someday, sweetheart. Oh, someday, sweetheart," long enough to ask her. But he didn't and she was taken, with a matter of fact, with the proper precautions, and with only as little moral apprehension as sufficient to prompt an, "Oh God, what have we done?" after it was all over. The result of which was to devoid his bosom of emotion and install within hers the realization that all she loved was not David but Love itself, ending a beautiful relationship of six years which was, considering everything, held together by only a thin strand of sophistic nonsense, "I love you."

Unless one can consider Cynthia's puzzlement at the age of seven why David couldn't jog up and down on a sawhorse pony as well as she could as the first infection, theirs began at fifteen. One morning Cynthia and David came to ninth grade homeroom, she suddenly realizing that she had now hit big time high school and also that she possessed some strange charm that she could use pretty much as she pleased to devilishly toy with or ruthlessly control any junior male, as well as "little David," and he, with the realization that Cynthia, horror of all horrors, a girl, was now the cause of considerable physical and emotional agitation.

But it was not until the next year, when he had his "all the time" driver's license and she her "real kind" high heels, that the words scrawled on the restroom walls conveyed to David a meaning that was entirely particular to Cynthia, and that Cynthia realized that the true love which flowed in streams of powerful emotion as "Yeah, yeah, yeah," and "Ou wee baby," from her transistor radio was meant especially for David.

Of course, after that there was really not much that could be done for them. And certainly they got no help from the Parents' Party League, or from the bi-monthly fun hay rides led by the skinny moon-mouthed youth director who rode in the back and every so often pitched a sugary, "Isn't this fun?" into minds already rendered passionless by "The Kookaburra Song." And on the

Saturday nights when there wasn't a party or a fun hay ride there was always stout Mrs. Butterbott's dance class. "Organized," she said, "to go arm-in-arm with the Parents' Party League," which she had also organized, "to keep our children out of those beer joints." Out of everything else too, for she kept the dear teenagers imprisoned in her bright living room from seven-thirty until ten, when they were allowed one last slow dance, stout Mrs. Butterbott always making sure to cut in on every boy, thereby forcing him to dance with the sexless fat girl with the pimple cream complexion similar to that of a Girl Scout cookie.

And so they were collectivized for two years, falling more and more *in* love but never alone long enough *to* love, held captive in the fun-fun world of the skinny moon-mouthed youth director and stout Mrs. Butterbott. And sex? Sex just simply did not exist—except in the minds of Cynthia and David.

By the eleventh grade they were officially, undeniably, going together. Everybody knew it; no one questioned it. David was Cynthia's boyfriend and Cynthia was David's girlfriend. Not that anyone understood these terms to have anything to do with affection, so to speak, but David was always and would always be seen with Cynthia, everywhere, in everything, forever, and vice-versa. Every Saturday night at seven-thirty David would pick up Cynthia, and every Saturday night at ten-thirty David would say good-night to Cynthia, with a kiss of course, which even the Mamas suspected and expected, and thought was so sweet.

These years, of course, were not without sex. Since it has a very persuasive aroma, especially when through the pores of a woman, of which Cynthia was by this time very definitely, it was there, there to be taken; for them, bringing the world into the car, transforming passion into eternity, etc. This thing sex, the pure God-given expression of genuine emotion, etc., etc. But funny thing about their sex, it always seemed to become more and more diluted, requiring more of itself to be taken to have effect, very similar to narcotics, or perhaps—poison?

But, enough. Cynthia and David, or rather Cynthia-David, lived these high school years, until soon before graduation when the world began to creep in.

The world just sneaked in actually, Cynthia and David not even aware of it until it had them around the throat. David suddenly was faced with the

thought of living, supporting himself and maybe a wife, with making his own money, paying income tax, buying a house and car—of living in a world of laws, society, and other sundry mundane trivialities. "What was his purpose here anyway?" And Cynthia; what would she ever do? What's a woman? Was she to be a housewife, a mother, a commercial drone just like a man? Oh, how they were confused! They'd never make it without help. Yes, help, some sort of Gargantuan procrastination—of diety, sufficiency, and pity. And so, at the end of the summer Cynthia and David found themselves in college, David at his father's Alma Mater and Cynthia at her mother's, both also suddenly realizing that now they were in love, the real kind.

This was it undoubtedly. Cynthia and David were married, married to the future, the ceremony being performed by those letters which flowed every day, even on Sunday and test days, from the proud Pierian pens of Cynthia and David. Those weekend visits were frequent too. Those nights alone were more wonderful now. They found it so much easier to love each other, to give to each other those expressions of love that had lain dormant for so long beneath the venerable tails of stout Mrs. Butterbotts and skinny moon-mouthed youth directors. And of course, Cynthia and David were now allowed to discover alcohol. How much easier it was now for real, true love to be revealed, especially after they had both had a few drinks, when, though they sometimes thought it strange, love was at its best.

But was this all of love? Oh no! A love like theirs, as they themselves said, could not help but be evident even in their daily lives. Cynthia was in love with the way the brutish adhesive-taped ring on her finger sneered, "not available," to the male students, who, Cynthia was sure, were amazed at the way her plump breasts deliciously distended the seal on the sweatshirt David had given her. And when anyone, and usually everyone, would point at the prominent picture on David's desk and ask, "That your girl?" David would answer, "Yeah, you might say that," with a wink and in a tone which, in order to convey the coveted impression of his eonic experience and unchastity, was completely blasé. Yes, Cynthia and David were so very much in love, and with being in love. They were "in."

Cynthia and David did have their problem, though. No, not the problem one might think. Cynthia was a prude, it's true, just like every other girl in the beginning. But since Cynthia had been

beginning for five years now, when the time came that David asked her for herself, she only put up the customary resistance and submitted to It, and suddenly was no longer a prude but a woman. But—their problem. Cynthia and David didn't realize their problem. In fact, it took a year in college and they were sophomores before they didn't realize it. The letters on the sweatshirt David had given Cynthia had begun to crack, and besides, sweatshirts, epsecially cracked ones, were not in fashion any more. And those potent statues that admired Cynthia, they did things; they played football, basketball, they lifted weights, they won championships. Wasn't there really so much that David couldn't do?

David didn't realize it even more than Cynthia. This year, for some reason, it was harder for him to visit her on the weekends. This year there were tests to study for, and when someone wanted David to take a blind date so he could double in his car, well, he just couldn't refuse a friend. Cynthia knew he loved her; she'd understand. Then there was the scratch that had mysteriously developed on Cynthia's picture, making her seem to need to pick her nose. And now, since he had actually made love to Cynthia—well.

They still loved each other, to be sure, but they began to run into difficulties when they tried to tell each other why. Since they saw each other so little that all they wanted to do when they were together was make love, which of course was good and beautiful because they were really in love, and when soon the only hint of affection that frequented their letters was the phrase, "I can't say why I love you; our love cannot be expressed in words, etc.," or some similar riddle, they thought nothing of it, because, well, they knew what each other meant. Love, and especially theirs, was more than just their physical expressions of it. But since they knew they would never really be able to understand that "more than love" love, they found it much more easy, and pleasurable, to continue with the expressions.

Soon, however, love grew tired of the expressions, with the same person anyway, looked for a fight and didn't have much trouble finding one. It really didn't matter why; it was Cynthia's fault to David and David's fault to Cynthia; as simple as that. They broke up, which is the term for such a thing.

Even after it was all over, Cynthia and David vehemently assured themselves and each other that they had not been living a cliche, their love had been special, that they would never forget each other, and of course that someday maybe they would meet again, get that old feeling, realize they were born to be with each other and always would be, ad infinitum.

So it ended. And as Cynthia and David lay in their beds that night, each, for the first Saturday night in six years, was alone.

And it will see; ah yes, it will see. It will see the viper, venerably inscrutable but mutually self-deceiving, poisoning all rationality, all understanding, all life of every mind in man. And when this heart closes its eyes again and awakens, it will sting with the venom, and will vomit with disgust. ●

—George Whitaker

THE WISE MAN

It was Canada, and it was cold. The freeze had been spreading from the mountains since autumn, and all the many colored leaves that blew so carelessly, sometimes together and sometimes in single file, were now a part of the earth again. The wind had blown the gutters clean, so none remained to catch the Christmas frost.

There seemed to be no spirit in the wind from where elderly Samuel Jason sat, absorbed in the view from his window. The days at the University had been exhausting, and his head was bowed a little from the strain of long hours of intellectual et ceteras. The days had been trying for many years now, but they had been good days, and the strain had given him meaning. Still, nothing could hide from his view the gift of age he had become accustomed to. The wrinkles in his hands were not enough, for they were rapidly being covered by the brown spots—thick and spreading—that time bestows upon old men. His hair, from light silver, had turned a maddening snow-white, while his moustache, still neat and trim, had sallowed from a deep gray to a faint trace of yellowed white above his lips.

There seemed to be no spirit in Samuel Jason as he moved from the window to the heavy chair near the entrance of the room. How many times had he risen early on Christmas Morning, a day just as crisp and cold as any other day, to torture himself with the only realization he knew; another year gone by, a little less done than he had hoped, and, somewhere in that madness, a dim child-vision of a manger. He hadn't forgotten the duty of the day—remembrance.

Still, the University loomed like a shadow over his soul. That silent clearing-house for would-be scholars had slowly drained from him all the joy and importance of days like this one. The weary pace he had set for himself in the race for knowledge had left him spent and breathless and very very cold. Men saw him now as an educator grown old with education. But somewhere in the shadows of those buildings he had given birth to meaning, and he knew the natal activity would go on. He was old, but he had given something that would echo in those hills until he passed.

Silently, he crossed the room again and opened the closet door behind his desk, piled with the dusty papers from a lifetime of involvement. There, with faded pride and tarnished honor, he saw the remnants that life gave. And yet, there was something sacred about the old cap and gown that hung so limply in his memory. Not that it was Christmas and not that he was as a child might be, faithful to some ancient toy, but something else guided his steps so softly to that closet. It was his last shrine, his last meaning. It was more than an annual pilgrimage to the dark corners of his mind. But still it remained each year a plaything for his conscience.

He turned to place new papers upon the dusty pile that crowded his desk. Then there was a rush of laughter from the other room, and he heard footsteps—the eternal footsteps of youth, pulsating in him as still another realization that once he had a dream, and it was still a dream. His mind strayed an instant from the thoughts he had entertained to the sound coming ever so quickly to his room. It brought him from the closet as a wind would bring a hunter from the field. It was his youngest grandson.

"Grandfather! Grandfather, it is Christmas!" The boy ran into the room thrusting a small package in front of him. "Here is your present. I picked it out all by myself."

"Thank you, Stephen!" He took the gift and placed it upon the highest stack of papers on his desk and then picked up the boy and placed him in the chair next to the door.

"What did you get for Christmas, Grandfather?" The boy was breathing hard, red face and corded neck iced with the still strangeness of the world outside the window. "What did you get? Did you get many boxes of presents?"

This warmed the old man. "Time has sent me many boxed-in crates of little Canadians," he replied. "Time has been good to me."

Time passed as they talked, Stephen reviewing the morning's events for his grandfather and telling him about the soft-nosed puppy his father had brought all the way from Montreal and naming and renaming all the many gifts the jolly saint had left him in the night. The old man in turn told his grandson many stories of Christmases already past

(Continued on Page 22)

Reflections

Amorphous from the bowels of earth
Arose a creature—MAN.
Alone in quiet dignity
He stood.
Conceived a pot, a pan, a bowl—
The trophies of a battle won.
And for a time there was—
No more.

ENTER!
A script in hand to lead the way
To misty heights.
From there the road was easy,
Only up.

APEX!
A building set upon a hill
The symbol of a mastered craft.
People relaxed—
Contentment here.

ALARM!
While slept, the tide came in
And razed the mound.
When eyes were opened—
Nothing there!
The task began anew
To rebuild the sacred hill
And seek again—
The past.—Yet,

DESPAIR!
The pathway ends
Upon a precipice, looking—
Downward, down.

—JAMES E. DORSEY

EXEGESIS

A closer truth of man would be to try
The self-destruction of the letter "I".
Whoso would love, the same be found to die.

The half-truth shall continue to exist,
To seek the truth as morning seeks the mist,
To bring the bottom from the deep abyss.

Emotion is the poison of the self
Till mind be dumb and inner conscience deaf
As cup and platter, silent on the shelf.

Emotion is surrounded with the "I",
Imprisoned by the hungry selfish cry.
The hungry and the filled in bedlam die.

The day must soon be done and evening nigh.
Then should emotion be the reason why
Another stoops to lay the shovels by?

Love is assurance that we will not live
But die so that we might, in dying, give
And run as water through a thirsty sieve.

And if we do not live we must believe
That in our dying, we will not receive.
Unlike the noble Christus, we will grieve.

The grief will be for glory of our own
That has so clearly in our living shown
Our grandeur, fortune, and our glory gone.

Denial is the stepping-stone to doom,
A constant love expression from the tomb
Each time a life is given from the womb.

To seek immortal being from the grave
Is not to give, to suffer, but to save
And desecrate the power that life gave.

For in our giving we sustain the power.
What risk to live it only for the hour
Of springing blossom and of closing flower!

Before the prophet from the prison cried,
Before the phantom cloud of mystery died,
All self-destruction was but suicide.

—HAROLD LAWRENCE

HERACLITUS

An elegy written to the death of Dag Hammarskjold

(Thy selfish suffering brought thee happiness.
Thy self-denial was too much to live.)

They tell me, Heraclitus, you are dead.
They laugh your death and cry it in the town,
Unmindful of the weary arms that spread
For welcomed crucifixion and a crown.
And they are loath to give you but a frown,
You human being with the dream of God.
Who else has borne your burden of renown?
All else would falter in the steps you trod
And deem you mortal, doomed to molder in this sod.

Far off, your mother fills her arms with flowers
To water them with tears upon your grave.
There is no tomb, no stone, no waking hour,
No triumph here, no reason to be brave,
No cause to suffer, and no cause to save.
Your cause had purpose only for its own.
You gained far more in suffering than you gave.
The voice you brought was only monotone.
You journeyed far, aloft, asleep, and so alone.

And still your people pause and ask you why
In your undoing, you left them undone.
What could you say? Oh, you could only die
And leave them all to swelter in the sun,
To ponder death and hope that you had won.
Alas, dear Heraclitus, you have lost!
Your twisted imitation of the Son
Has chilled your gentle features with this frost.
Oh how the finite fares of fame and folly cost!

My Heraclitus, I have found you now,
A crust filled with vain glory like my own.
You wear the crown of death upon your brow.
Seek for the worlds where other men have gone—
Beware of the immortal and unknown!
Weep not in mental anguish on your way!
The hand of fate and fortune has not shown
The reasons for our brief life's night and day.
I bid you hasten! Go! There is no more to say.

—HAROLD LAWRENCE

SELF STUDY

...AN ANALYSIS

After carefully studying the recent Self-study Report of the college, I feel that Wofford is faced with a threefold dilemma in its development: it is small, private and is situated in an area of religious primitivism. The first two problems are financial. The last touches on the intellectual and moral development of the college—an area which is the most important aspect of any college's development.

Our faculty is of the opinion that emphasis should be put on the grades and work load of the student. The study says that "reports from department chairmen suggest that most failures occur in required, non-major subjects, particularly on the freshman level. Such failures probably serve to eliminate many students who would otherwise do poorly in the more advanced courses." This weeding-out program leaves much to be desired, for many of our most intelligent seniors did poorly in their basic courses. An intellectual atmosphere is not created by forceful methods. It is the duty of the professor to generate interest within his class. It remains the job of the student to respond. Each professor must continually re-examine his method of conducting class so as to derive the maximum amount of interest from students.

In reference to the bookstore, the *Report* says that supplies "include a generous stock of paperback books and the complete Modern Library." Yet few, if any, books have been added this year to last year's collection. The Modern Library stack is by no means complete, nor has it ever been. Furthermore, when books are bought from the bookstore they are extremely slow in being replaced, if they are replaced. In short, the entire collection of the bookstore is seriously deficient for the needs of a growing college.

In addition to considering the bookstore as a factor in contributing to the intellectual atmosphere of the college,

the *Report* also puts emphasis on the importance of honorary academic organizations. Such organizations are a boon to the intellectual atmosphere, and form one of the most significant areas of merit for the entire college.

The *Report* gives much attention to the In-course Honors Program as a major step toward raising the academic standards of the college. Such courses could serve as future guides for the teaching of all courses. It is not being suggested that a course be taught just like the In-course Honors system, but that the In-course Honors system serve as a *model* for the way a course is taught. This would not work for all

courses, but would be especially useful in many which are now taught by the lecture method. As the *Report* emphasizes, it enables the student to exhibit "initiative, creativity, intellectual curiosity, critical thinking, and sound methodology in his independent study." Emphasis is then placed on the *individual's* ability to display these desired characteristics.

One of the major dampers to Wofford's intellectual and moral growth is that it is located in a Bible belt. The *Report* was aware of this situation, and proposed that the part of the general statement of purpose of the college be amended to remove the "statement of commitment to put religion 'at the center of' our purpose. This emphasis seemed out of place as the central concern of an educational institution, and appeared to point in the direction of a 'Bible college,' which Wofford is not." This is a major step towards a more progressive outlook for the whole college. In this connection, it seems unnecessary to have two semesters of Bible as a basic requirement. In the light of modern thought, the Bible is considered as the history of an ancient people, and as a classic in literature. As such, it should be presented as other classics and epics are taught (such as Homer's *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*)—as a major contribution to the great literature of the world. While the standards of our civilization are based largely on the Bible, they are equally based on other classics of literature. The Bible should be studied in its proper context and department—which at Wofford would be the English Department.

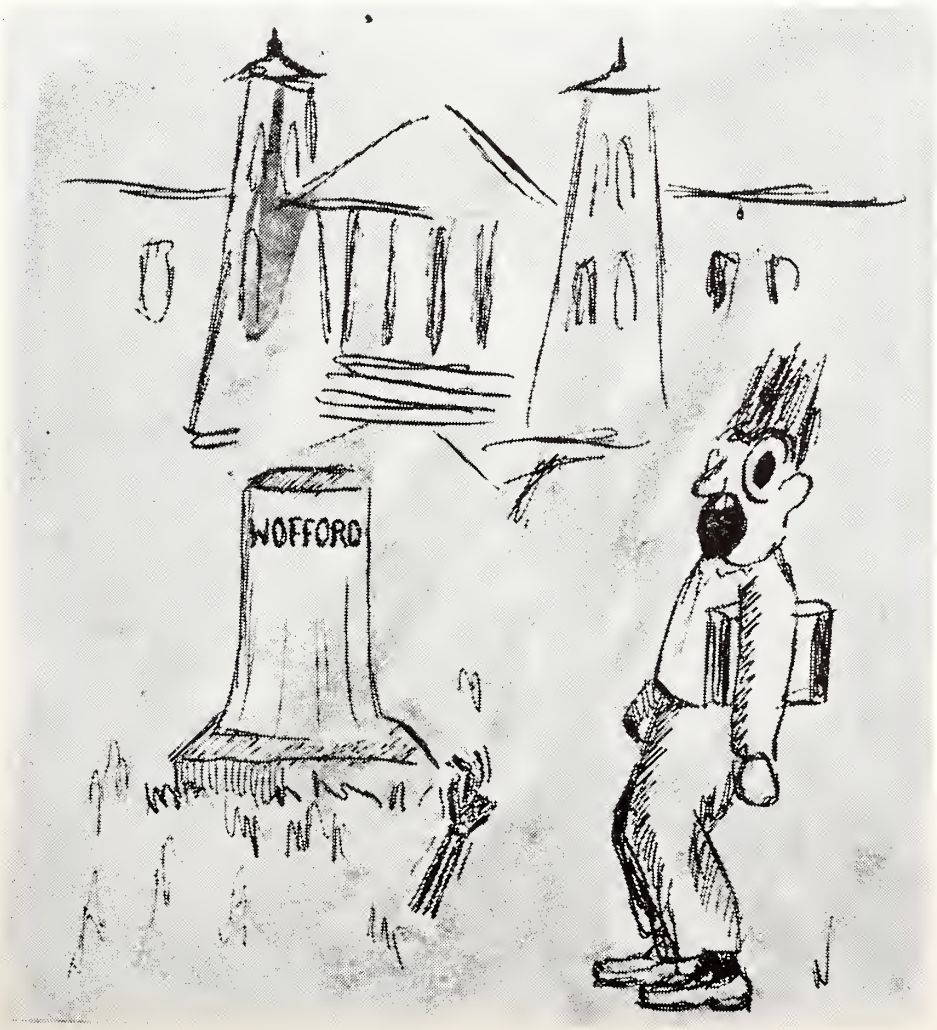
In regard to chapel, the *Report* recognizes that "the diversity of religious backgrounds makes it difficult to hold meaningful worship services." If the worship services are not going to be meaningful, there is no need in having them, moreover requiring students to attend them. Indeed, such a practice serves to create resentment and rebellion toward religion itself. The *Report* also recommends that the college have fewer and thus better chapels.

The *Report* agrees that "freshman orientation should place greater emphasis on the intellectual side of college life that it now does." A significant step was made in this direction by this year's orientation program. The freshmen were required to read several books before coming to college, and these were discussed with much success during the orientation period. The frenzied schedule of tests and long chapel sittings has been of much disgust in the past, but has been regarded as necessary to prevent homesickness and misconduct. Other programs could be devised which would be both enjoyable and time-consuming, such as musical programs with members recruited from the freshman class. Also, fine films could be shown and discussed.

The *Report* did not consider the merits and demerits of college supported athletics. Nor did it state an opinion on whether eligibility for scholarships should be based on academic rather than athletic ability. The possibility of eliminating required board of resident students was not considered. Such possibilities should be considered for the future —for each is pertinent to the overall outlook of a college Wofford's size.

As long as Wofford remains open and responsive to intelligent criticism, such as that contained in the *Report,* it will continue to be a college of high caliber. In an age when society is progressing at such a rapid rate, the small, liberal arts institution will take on more and more significance. The wide range of knowledge required to live in such a modern era can be supplied best by this type of college. Wofford must, however, assume the responsibilities of the times and act affirmatively to assure its position in the future. Analysis and findings like that in the *Report* indicate that Wofford should be fully able to meet the task. ●

—*Kent Bishop*



VIENNA

an impression

Vienna—a minor capital in international affairs—still retains visions of an international kingdom. For hundreds of years the head of a large world empire built by marriages, it is now separated from the body of sprawling polyglot nations in the Holy Roman Empire that remained unified under the Hapsburg family from 1273 until 1918. In Austria again and again the old ideal of a united Europe has been dreamed. The leaders thought, spoke, dreamed cosmopolitan, catholic, ecumenical.

Vienna, then, grew from many foreign elements. It was the ideal place for an international culture to flourish, since the Hapsburg influence spread over Germany, to the Balkans and Constantinople, to Spain and even America. The Genius of the town was to mix opposites, as from the Orient and Renaissance Italy, and create a new element of congenial, European culture. No one felt neglected or uncomfortable. No one felt foreign. Even many signs above shop doors were printed in the owner's native tongue. What was not in the Austrian fashion was not disliked.

Savory courses of wienershnitzel and green salad and sumptuous pastry of the rich, chocolate Sacher Tarts with perhaps a large Melange coffee at Demmils, one of the many coffeehouses for which Vienna is famous; literature of Grillparzer and Stifter; art of the Baroque period; music of Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms; and the bright Viennese waltz reflect a lively, receptive mentality. The blending of the varied attitudes from foreign cultures, the mixing of country *Schlamperei* (slovenness) and devotion to the old culture, and rejecting almost all new products of art and architecture elicit the Austrian trait of inefficient *Gemutlichkeit,* that happy state of jovial indifference. Elements of aristocracy have existed from the days of the monarchy that supposedly did end in 1918, but for many still lives.

The Viennese is influenced strongly by his difficult past of wars (Vienna was founded as an early Roman outpost against the East); of the stringent monarchy; and of the ever-present harsh weather, usually cold or chilly. Proud, stout men with their green Loden coats and briefcases express their lives and the lives of all Viennese with their heroically pessimistic, indifferent, lowered eyes and casual, slow meandering on gray sidewalks. Tall buildings—rows of compact, barefaced, concrete apartments and stores—stretch along narrow asphalt and cobblestone streets. The heavy traffic on these streets slows to a near standstill with the dreary cold and occasional snow and speeds up to a nervous frenzy with the return of the short-lived summer, making the pedestrian's necessary long walks noisier, hotter, and even more unsure than before.

Vienna, apart from the rest of Austria, generally has no mild spring, only fall and winter and summer. People in summer rush to the many parks in town and to the Vienna Woods for picnics; to the range of mountains called the Salzkammergut around Salzburg where, incidentally, some of the scenes in the movie "The Sound of Music" were made; to the Old Danube for sailing and swimming around Vienna; and to the beaches at Venice and Triest, since the foreign tourists storm the city and country during the spring and summer music festivals and holidays.

But the tourists are not unforgivable, for Vienna turns inside out in the summer. To sip lemonade at four in the afternoon at a sunny sidewalk cafe; to enjoy the privilege of a hamburger at the Intercontinental Hotel before Wagner's *Parsifal* begins at six; and to walk home thirty minutes from the opera at eleven down Karntnerstrasze, the exclusive shopping street in the day and

the favorite haunt at night of the legalized prostitutes—are unforgettable experiences for the naive, culturally-void Americans. Unbelievable palaces with formal blooming gardens once only for emperors and their feted foreign guests; sprightly fountains; green grass and trees in town parks; "raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens"; children romping with ducks and peacocks and fish in blue ponds at the park; and young, attractive mothers strolling their babbling babies in linen-covered perambulators are distinctive distractions from the buildings and concrete and school after the long, secluded winter. Perhaps a romance blooms here and there as teens or olders are seen hand-in-hand, maybe in attentive embrace. An unconcerned kiss? And on public sidewalks!

The Viennese youth are an international set also. From all over the world students come to the university. They fall in with some crowd, but most sit for hours in the coffeehouses on winter afternoons and early evenings; visit a gast-haus for a beer or a keller for wine at night; stand for hours in line for an opera or overnight by the opera side door for tickets to outstanding performances, as those of Nurijev in *Swan Lake,* the great, new Russian ballet artist; and travel around the country to the hundreds of ski resorts. No one except the scholars studies until the last moment, the last year before exams that usually cover four years of classes. The students often take two-or three-year vacations before the excruciating pressure of the exam period.

Thus, the youth, are like many in the modern European generation—historically, culturally, classically sophisticated; materialistic; doubtful; pondering; somewhat lost; and basically uprooted by the rapid pace of the modern, collectivized metropolis. The aged are conservative; some are monarchists. The laborers are leftist and sometimes communistic. The overwhelming majority are fortunately pro-Western. The average are politically indifferent. They maintain the traditions of the Catholic Church and support the coalition democratic-republic.

G. E. R. Geyde in "Bend, but Don't Break—the Austrian Way of Life," paraphrazing Hermann Bahr, an Austrian writer, reveals that the true life of the Viennese begins in the theater. With detachment the Viennese plays a role that fate has assigned him. He comes to life when at the end of the day he "has taken his seat in the theater;" and as the curtain rises, he enters the world "in which he really lives," where he can become any character of the author's imagination. During the days of political stagnation at the beginning of the 19th century, only the theater in literature prospered in Austria.

The Viennese is able to enjoy himself during a holiday, Bahr continues, because he can then forget his complaints about life. He appears as one would like him to be—considerate, good-humored, and as easy to charm as a child. He reveals that good fellow hidden in some corner of his complicated soul.

The Viennese constantly relives the days of the Old Emperor, Franz Joseph. Spending hours over favorite brews of coffee, the Viennese enjoys a warm tradition of generations. Recollected memories of Beethoven pass vividly

through coffeehouse gossip with suggestions of personal acquaintance with the composer. Mozart and Strausz in the Volksoper (People's Opera) create moments of light entertainment and foster serious reflection on life at present as the spirit of every age materializes in character portrayal and music. Testing the new wine in the *Heuriger* in Grinzing, a suburb of Vienna, frequently climaxes an afternoon of strolling in the Vienna Woods on the Kahlenberg. And retelling personal, often depressing experiences of past wars helps structure the capital city's intricate patterns of timelessness beneath a veneer of modernity.

Austria still has a definite mission. It has a number of tourists from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Hungary—Communist countries. Now that it is a Western welfare state, it enjoys many of the conveniences we Americans take for granted. The tour leaders cannot conceal the gains made in Austrian capitalism. The tourists return home with a delectable taste of freedom and its products that will always be remembered. Austria, through Vienna, is the window on the West, a view of the future at the present, an ideal, a dream for the unfortunate. ●

—*Sydney Dursse*

Visit

Wofford College

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AFTER THE DAY OF BURNING

The Church was quiet now. The guilded Altar at the far end glinted dully in the flickering torch-light. The oily smoke from the torches rolled slowly up to the high, vaulted, thoroughly blackened ceiling. The bare, polished stone floor swept for three quarters of the distance to the Altar, then it rose sharply to a level higher than the entry-way.

This was the One Church of Truth, built miraculously, according to the Writings of the Church, on the Day of Burning when the wicked Age of the Devil passed away.

Tinker stood at the threshold, not seeing the rich carving on the great doors or the ornate frescoes on the walls. He saw only the high Altar on which the priests stood while holding the Sacred Rights. As he approached the Altar slowly, his gaze focused on the Communion Trough. He thought of the Nectar Bowl carved into the Altar, to which the Trough was connected at the top of the Altar, and the hoards of people who crowded in at each monthly offering of the Rights. The people would joyfully surround the Trough waiting to receive the blood-red flood of the Holy Nectar of Communion from the Bowl and waiting to eat the Most Holy Ambrosia which was laid at the top of the Trough after the Nectar had been separated from it and allowed to slide down to the communicants.

Tinker reached the bottom of the Trough and began to climb carefully up it to the Altar. When he reached the Bowl, he stood up and looked around at the edge of the Bowl, where the gold of the Altar met the stone of the Bowl. He could see in one place where the stone was almost its original color, not stained by the absorption of Holy Nectar. He thought again of the beautiful bright red Nectar sweeping down the Trough.

Then he walked slowly down the stairs behind, then under, the Altar. He paused and removed a large package from the pack on his back. He set it on a waist high ledge of the stairway and uncoiled what looked like a black rope hooked into the package. This he extended back up the ledge.

Tinker thought back to that day many years ago—when he had discovered the little room in the Sanctuary. He had been a devout accolyte, training for the priesthood. As such he had been taught to read the Writings. The laity were, of course, not allowed to read—and rightly so, for hadn't books been the cause of the Downfall of Man, the Coming of the Devil, and the Day of Burning? Only a few in the world had survived the Day of Burning. The most worthy of those had naturally founded the One Church of Truth. They had been of the most ardent of sinners, "sientis"—or as the books Tinker had found in that room had it, "scientists"—but they had seen Truth and rejected "siens." The books from one library had been preserved from the Great Book Burning so that the priests of the future might be able to detect any new development of "siens" and destroy it. This was what was in the room Tinker had found.

"Kemstri" had interested the young accolyte. He had been terribly afraid and ashamed of his sin, but the fascination, produced by seeing written statements that could be proved, was all too great for his young will.

Now he was glad of those many secret hours, as he set up the dynamite charge!

When he was satisfied that all that was needed was a spark applied to the fuse, he turned to descend the stairs.

There stood a priest!

Tinker smashed his fist into the priest's solar plexus. As the priest buckled, he hit him with all of his might on the back of the neck. Tinker then dragged the priest down a flight of stairs and into an alcove behind a sacred statue. The horror of what he had just done slowly penetrated his fear and adrenaline stimulated mind. Tinker examined the priest numbly and discovered he was dead. Then he looked more closely. The priest was his own guardian!

Tinker stumbled out of the alcove and down some more stairs toward the quarters of the Chosen. Julie was one of them. He must get to her. She was the reason for the dynamite. Upon passing over that thought Tinker recovered somewhat. Certainly his original plan hadn't been less sacrilegious than what he had just done. Abducting one of the Chosen and destroying the Altar were not actions of small gravity; those he intended to perform.

Upon reaching Julie's cell, he removed the stolen key and opened the door.

Julie sat on the stone bench, the only

furniture in the cell. She had been freshly bathed and clothed in a single toga-like garment, for she was to participate in the Rights today. She turned, dazed, her eyes showing no comprehension or recognition. Tinker pulled her up into his arms, holding her tightly, tears running down his cheeks. At first Julie stood unresponding, then she slowly took hold of him.

She whispered, "I . . . I was to be s-s-sac . . ."

"Hush, Dear. Come with me." Tinker lead her back the way he had come.

When he stopped at the dynamite, he explained, "Maybe now there will be no more Chosen. Augh!" He spat. He took flint and steel and struck a spark to the fuse. As it started sputtering, Tinker pulled Julie up the stairs and across the Altar.

"No!" Julie screamed in terror as she saw the Bowl.

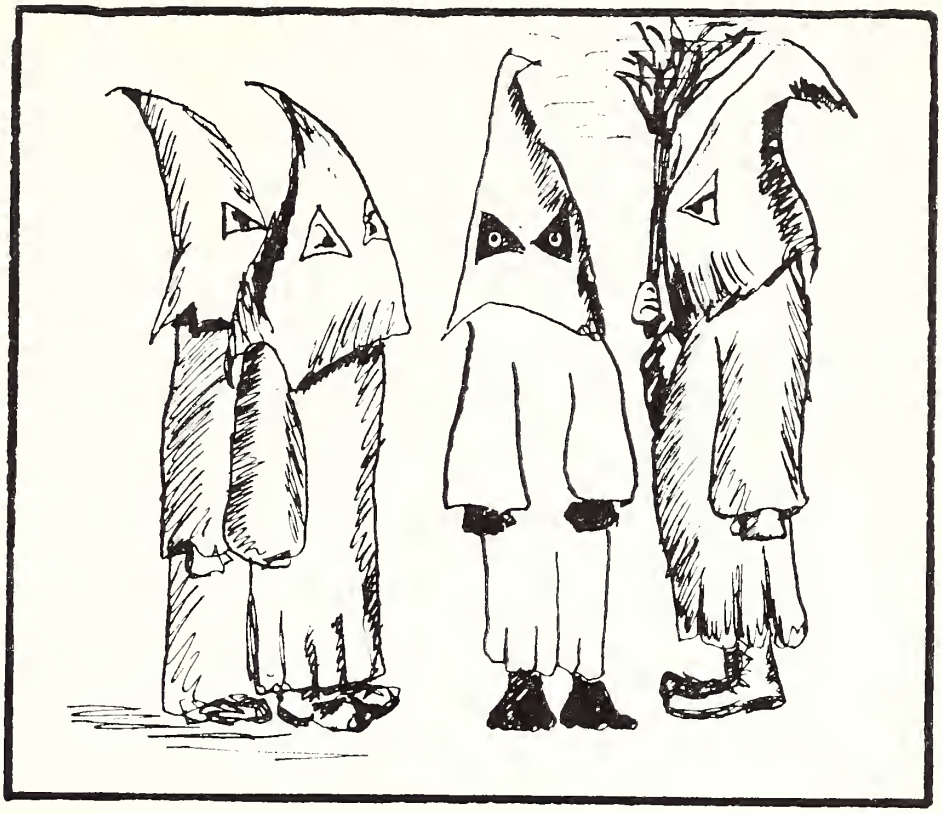
As she started to resist, Tinker pushed her down into the Bowl and slid her down the Trough, then followed quickly after. When he hit the floor, he picked Julie up from where she lay, fainted, and ran down the artificial hill then up the sloping floor, carrying her.

When he reached the door, Julie had recovered. He put her down. As she clung to him, they looked back at the golden Altar together.

Suddenly it cracked and, as the roar hit him, shattered!

Tinker turned back to her and said, "The Nectar and Ambrosia will never come from you—or any other." ●

—Dean Hartley



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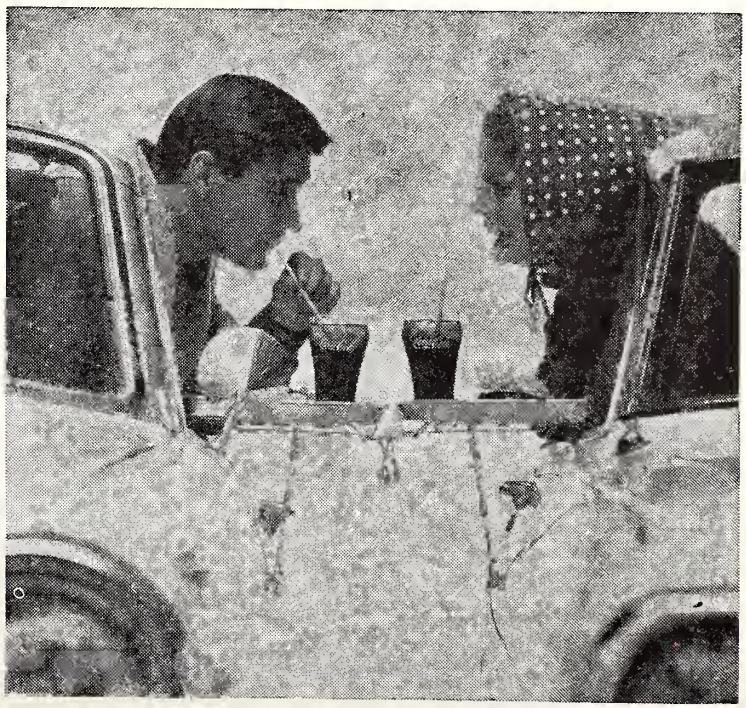

Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Spartanburg

Book Review

THE MAKING *of the* PRESIDENT: 1964

Basically, the presidential campaign of 1964 was uneventful and unexciting. It was dominated by two rather drab and intellectually inarticulate figures. There was, however, an underlying feature which served to give the election a taste of uniqueness—it was staged against the background of one of America's most violent periods of change and transition. By viewing the campaign in this light, Theodore H. White succeeds in re-creating the struggle for the presidency in 1964 in a most vivid and forceful manner.

Mr. White was handicapped from the start by the very nature of the candidates themselves. Lyndon B. Johnson, while possessing a firm grasp of the concepts involved in our legislative system, lacked the dynamic and forceful assurance of his Democratic predecessor, John F. Kennedy. Barry Goldwater had created an image which was difficult to clarify and isolate—his overall outlook representing a negative approach to the American ideal—one lacking sufficient, concrete proposals. Both candidates assailed each other as being the villain of true Americanism. Biting diatribes flew in every direction. Yet behind these fierce attacks lay the fundamental tenents of our nation's past: the hope for a better life for all citizens; the principles of constitutional government; and the worth of the individual in the eyes of the State. The division between the two was ereated by a question of methodology.

White pictures Goldwater as an oddity on the stage of Republicanism. A native of Arizona, that barren land almost forgotten since its acquisition in the 19th century, the GOP standard barrier signified the growing frustration and disillusion of many Americans toward our national life. Since his election to the Senate, Goldwater aroused nationwide attention by espousing an arch-conservative approach to government and national affairs. After the Nixon-Lodge defeat in 1960, he was viewed by many as a leading candidate for the party leadership. As Mr. White emphasizes, Goldwater's initial backing was small (actually limited to a handful of loyal friends meeting in a large midwestern motel). Yet, this small group gradually grew and expanded until it formed a composite body with representatives all across the country. Grassroot support was established, and by the time of the Convention, Goldwater was the controlling element of the party.

The Convention was a mere formality. Goldwater's legions were tightly organized and unwilling to budge. The party platform was molded almost wholly along the conservative line, and the entire gathering reeked of Goldwaterism. The abortive efforts of Mr. Nixon and Governor Scranton fell woefully short. As Mr. White observed, "This was a new thing in American conventions—not a meeting, not a clash, but a *coup d'etat*."

Lyndon Johnson's eonvention was marked by the same form of rigid control. While the President had no opposition for the nomination, he insisted on making the convention a servant of his will, and thus reflecting solidarity for his program. As a result, Mr. Johnson called all the cards and created a virtual rubber-stamp approval for all his wishes.

The campaign that followed was decisive in determining the future course of American politics. Goldwater stood for the ancient ideals of God, motherhood, and the Constiution—and in doing so, cast a rather unfamiliar shadow in this age of "forward thinking" liberalism. On the other hand, Mr. Johnson, in spite of his provincial Texas personality, embodied the spirit of an America hopefully seeking to face the problems of the modern era. In this sense, we did have a choiee, not an echo. The voters made their choice—and chose overwhelmingly the blind bard of Texas.

Mr. White's book successfully completes the story begun in his earlier volume. While the setting of 1964 did not match the drama and forcefulness of 1960, the question put before the people was the same: What is the best way to solve the problems of a growing nation? Mr. White paints a lucid pic-

ture of how the American voters ostensibly chose the High Road to success. Lyndon Johnson is portrayed as embodying the *Vox Populi*—the man who will fulfill the myth of his late predecessor. Mr. White's account is so realistic, in fact, that one gets the impression he is reading a contemporary William Shakespeare—for, like the "bard of Avon," he bends over backwards to please his sovereign. Long Live the King! ●

—*James E. Dorse*

LETTERS

Jan. 29, 1964

Hi Tommy,

Hope you're ok I am well as of now. Sorry, I haven't written sooner but just having had time but I am taking out time now.

I, am 17 yrs old, blue eyes, hazel brown hair, 5 ft 6 in 125 pds an my birthday is in June 10*th*. When's yours?

Do, you like college or not Tommy? I, suppose you lo tho. I, am out of school for now. I, have my mother in brothers & sister with me my father passed away. I, like all sports, outdoors life, dancing, rock'n'roll, boys, cars, animals, eating flowers, things like that an little children also. What, are some more of your likes? Do, you have a picture of yourself I could have hope so Tommy I'll dig you one up of me OK. So ans real, real soon

Love Always
Your Penpal,
Mary Ellen P.

* * * *

Feb. 3, 19/64
Firday morn.

Dear Tommy,

Gott, your nice letter today an hope you're ok I am fine hanks a million for your nice picture of yourself Tommy. The letter I first gott from you well I lost it an then I hunted or it an found it an then I answered it so it really was my fault. For, nott answering sooner. I, am glad to hear hat your majoring in College it will be real nice if you lon't chance your mind before you do it dear.

I, never did no how to pool guess it was real nice. I, never did play in any sports except baseball at times.

Congrations, we both have something in common our birthdays on the same months minded is on the 10*th*, an my dad's is the 9*th* so ours are really close Tommy. I'll send you one of me before to long. OK.

If, you can send me one of your recent pictures I would be glad to have one but if you don't its alright.

Well, as far is that goes I am a Dodger & Yankee fan myself the St. Louis Cardinals are a good team also dearie. Did, you ever see or watch the "Globe Trotters" on T. V. basketball team man their the greatest in basketball I like hem. Do you have any bro's are sisters if so tell me?

Well, ans real soon.

Loads of Love
Your Friend & Penpal.
Mary Ellen

* * * *

Feb. 20, 1964

Dearest Tommy,

Hope your ok I am pretty fair at this time. Boy, bet you are pretty busy at this time Tommy.

Just, so I gett another picture of you I don't care but if you can gett one it real be OK Tommy when you gett home. Don't, worry about it. Looks, like you're college is pretty nice one alright Tommy. I, hope you all win the next tournament coming up Tommy you have my good luck an my faith to dear.

I'll be rooten for your team. OK! It, will be nice if you can learn to talk Jerman alright. I, no a girl that is Jerman she came over the United States from Jerman she lives over here now she is a real nice girl.

What, do you do mostly on the weekends at your college? Do, you date anyone or nott? I, don't go outt yet Tommy. I, love to read also especially mysterous an love stories myself. Guess I'd better close.

Love Always,
Your Penpal & Friend
Mary Ellen

P. S. Write Real Soon Tommy.

* * * *

Mar. 3, 1964

Dear Tommy,

Hope you're ok as I am ok as of now.

Sorry, to hear you are having so much studying to do here lately boy I used to no how it was when I was in school it was the same way alsmost.

Trinity, had a tournament last week they won alsmost all the games here. I, gott my finger sprung out I guess a blood veil I don't no yet but it is sore it will get better in time I hope I gott it hit with a ball my sister an my brother an I were playing ball together thats how it happen enough for that.

I, hope you gett to go to summer school at least I pray you will dearie. You, don't date do you *darlin?* don't mind me calling you *darlin* its usual for me to say that hope you don't mind that.

But I, never could do math very well but I love spelling an science the best.

Excuse my ink pen it goof off again. Good luck to you in all your studies Tommy. So ans real soon as possible sweetie OK!

Love Your Penpal & Friend
Mary Ellen

P. S. I am very *"Fond"* of you is it the same way with you or not Tommy?

* * * *

Mar. 12, 1964

Dear Tommy,

Hope you're ok I am fine but I have an awful sore tooth my jaw tooth I think it is I am going to have it putt real soon I think.

It, is real nice outside here like spring in the 60's to 70's degrees. Bet, you will be glad to get all the quizs over with so you can gett spring holidays will you? Are, you going to go home on your vacation if so lett me have your address so I can still write you when you go Tommy? You, would probably like Missouri if you ever came to it, its kindly nice for I was born in MO an I love the state.

I'll, send you a picture of me real soon as I gett them developed ok dear! If, their any good. That is. yes, place do gett me a recently picture of you if possible Tommy.

Do, you like the *"Beatles"?* I, am just crazy over them an their records their the greatest. With me that is. Good luck in your test you're going to have.

Guess I'd better close but write real soon

Love your Friend
Bye! Mary Ellen

The Wise Man

(Continued from Page 10)

and of how he used to feed every cat in the neighborhood to insure good luck, for it was supposed to be bad luck for a cat to meow in a house on Christmas Eve. "And," he said, "a puppy for a little French-Canadian just wouldn't do."

While they were talking, the man reached behind his desk and brought out a package to the delight of the boy. "What is the package, Grandfather? Is it for me?"

The anticipation of the morning hours flared again in the eyes of Stephen as he viewed the package. It was shaped like a violin case, but Stephen knew it couldn't be a violin. He had one already, much to his discomfort. He had taken lessons twice a week until one of the head pins had snapped. And he had been relieved, for he hated the long hours of practice.

Eagerly, he took the package and started removing the brown paper. He loved to open his grandfather's gifts, for they would always be something he liked, something he could play with and keep and never get tired of. But as the first wrappings were pulled away, he saw the horrible inevitable truth. Once unhooded, he held his own violin, complete with a new set of pins.

The old man watched him and saw his downcast face, hidden very quickly by a Pollyanna smile. He picked Stephen up in his arms and sat with him there in the chair by the door. As he watched to see the expressions on the child's face, he spoke softly. "Sometimes all the wrecks of toys come back to crowd in on a man."

At this, the little boy acknowledged the gift. "Thank you," he said with a hollow sound. Then while he slipped from his grandfather's arms and left the room with the eternal "Come see what Grandfather gave me," the old man's thoughts were returning to the closet and to the stillness he had found before the laughter. ●

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.

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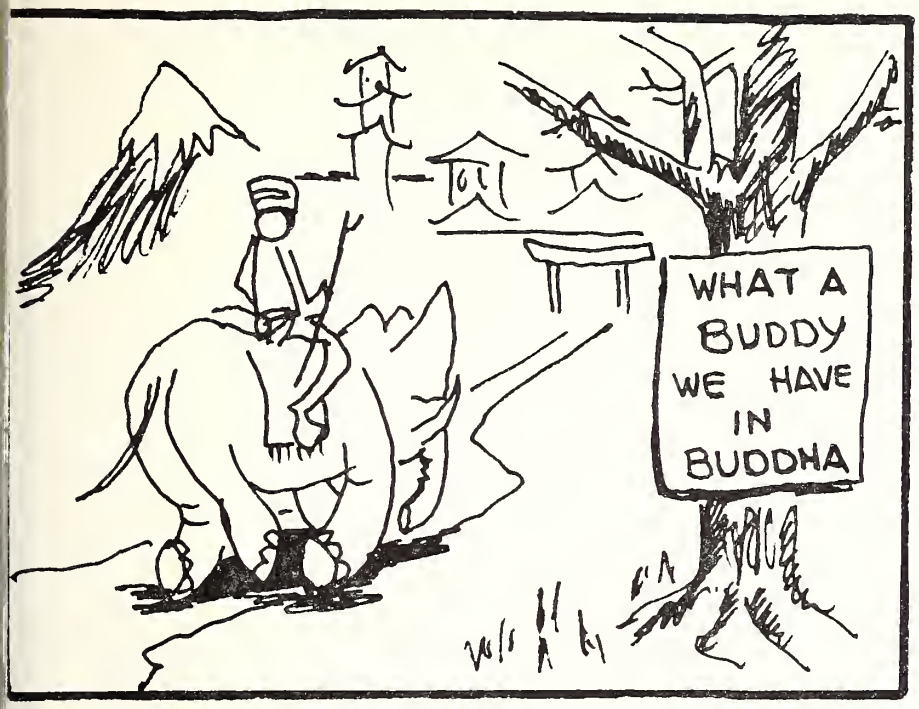

ENIGMA

Head or tail
which is which,
one can't
be sure—
sea snail!

—KYORAI

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In Cambridge, England, an unidentified Cambridge University Medical Society student wrote a parody on the 23rd Psalm. We believe it merits quotation here:

> The Government is my shepherd, therefore I need not work. It alloweth me to lie down on a good job. It leadeth me beside still factories. It destroyeth my initiative. It leadeth me in the path of a parasite for politic's sake. Year, though I walk through the valley of laziness and deficit-spending, I will fear no evil, for the Government is with me. It prepareth an economic Utopia for me, by appropriating the earnings of my own grandchildren. It filleth my head with false security. My inefficiency runneth over. Surely the Government should care for me all the days of my life. And I dwell in a fool's paradise forever.

Editorial

The American Tragedy

Since World War II, life has become relatively easier for most Americans. In the short space of only twenty years a revolution has taken place which has reduced the amount of work required of the average citizen. Definitely a sign of progress. Yet the opposite trend has prevailed in the area of the individuals themselves. Laziness and complaisance have set in—people just aren't what they used to be.

Like so many ancient civilizations of the past, America has reached a certain high level of culture and achievement, but has not preserved the spirit and atmosphere needed to reap the fruits of victory. Why is this so? Mainly due to a reduction in the place of the individual in society. The trend today is toward the "mass man," the average citizen, the composite soul. Each person is expected to fit into the pattern of society and mutely follow the instructions of some nebulous leader's voice from the distance. People are expected to look alike, dress alike, eat the same foods, and enjoy the same entertainment. This movement is leading us toward a compact community—yet in one sense, no community at all. For all that remains is the whole—the atoms are no longer visible.

Creativity and ambition have become landlocked. The only outlet available is the unusual—a position exemplified by the contemporaneous species of long-haired, banjo playing, dope addicted protest marchers that have infested the nation in the past few years. This type represents the antithesis of modern conformity. While not an admirable model to copy, it does amplify the basic unrest that exists in our society. The frustrations of the modern age press hard on an individual and gradually push him to a breaking point. When a large proportion of our nation reaches this point, society will be dead and civilization ended.

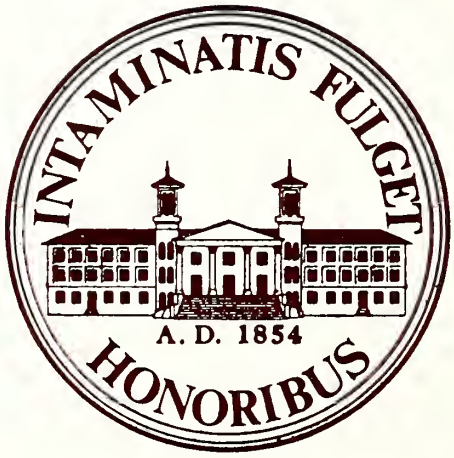
Forty years ago Theodore Dreiser saw forming the roots of this unfortunate situation. Although primarily dealing with economic disparity, *An American Tragedy* demonstrates poignantly the plight of a person overlooked and forgotten. A striving for money caused Clyde Griffiths to seek a violent redress—yet, this same reaction can take place when any individual is stymied and hindered in an *intellectual* sense. A person continually forced to comply with and function according to a strict social behavior can easily lose himself in the vortex. When he decides to free himself, violence may be the only recourse.

If this sounds vaguely like an advocation of anarchy—it isn't. Anarchy acknowledges no authority whatsoever and cannot exist together with an organized society. Authority is a necessary element in any society—the degree to which it is carried forming the primary consideration. The point intended is that society has gradually become more important than the people which compose it. For example, our government has slowly evolved into a molder of people instead of a servant. Colleges and universities have been changed into producers *en masse* of people ready to fit a certain mold in the community. And the Church has slowly lost its place of leadership and become a tool of the powerful. People no longer count. The common denominator is now numbers and masses. The forces of our national attention have been changed completely.

As I see it, this present trend in society is derived from a lack of motive and purpose which has evolved out of an age of crass materialism. Incentive is dead. So much improvement has come so quickly that America has been unable to make comparable emotional adjustments. As a result, people have virtually ceased to take an active part in the everyday stream of existence. For example, local government no longer functions as a primary stimulus to the community—people have learned to depend on a more centralized (and supposedly effective) national organization. In doing so, the individual essentially relinquishes all voice in the everyday functions of government. This same trend exists in the educational, spiritual, and moral realm—with the results there being a gradual decay and destruction.

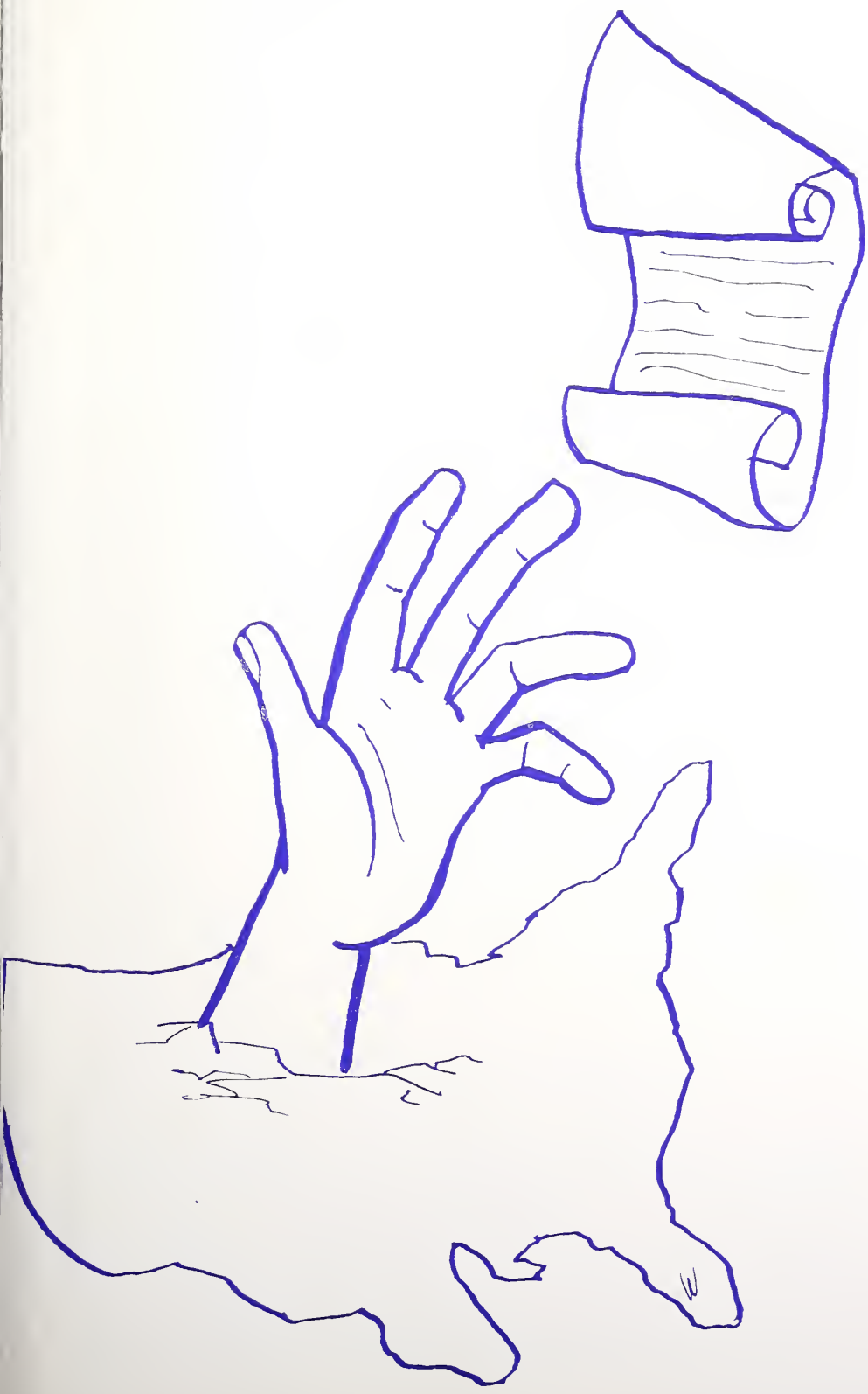
The scope of this sociological movement is often hard to pinpoint—for it encompasses everyone, not just a few. Yet the implications that can be drawn from it point to one fact—America is not a mature nation, but one confused and uncertain as to which road to take. This dilemma can be removed only if we decide to effectively reassert our national character and become settled on a definite goal to be reached. As it stands now, America resembles a huge bubble, floating aimlessly in space. Nothing distinguishes it other than its amorphous physical appearance. Like any bubble, its life span is tenuous—depending solely on outside influences. Before America comes in contact with some outside force with which it cannot contend, it must re-evaluate its dangerous position and return again to its original substance. Ideologically speaking, this would mean a decentralization of the national perspective and a re-newed interest placed on the individual citizen. Unless this is done, what many people seem to regard as an indestructible unit will suddenly find itself a thing of the past. ●

—James E. Dorsey



"And of all the forgotten faces."

THE JOURNAL



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THE ESCAPIST

There's no warmth left in me. The wind makes my eyes burn and my lips become dry. Dry grass beside the railroad tracks, waving, and the gray terminal: dismal, even in the golden glow of the passing sun. Looking down the tracks the other way: two parallel silver lines leading to a red light. And then the drone of a coming train.

I walk on, my vision fixed on the city straight ahead: concrete with a few church spires; black smoke quickly snatched away by the wind. Hardly aware of the roar of car engines as they race from the traffic signal: they roar past me: vague blurs. I got the same sensation from being near them that I got from standing on the train trussel over a slow moving train: life was real at times like these. The air was filled with a sold smell of fumes.

The movie house, uncrowded: an atmosphere of greasy popcorn; two junior high girls near the front: giggling and eating popcorn; a man in a working uniform: sunk deep in his chair—motionless; two women with shopping bundles; one nodding with sleep. I love the movies. For two hours my mind is occupied: I don't have to think. I watch others live and laugh at them or feel sorry for them. It's like somebody taking over my mind, temporarily.

It's already dark outside, and cold. The cars still passing; a beer house down the street: I drink several beers in rapid succession. The juke box is playing loud, corny songs: I don't listen to the words, but the rhythm—the beat: my body picks it up, and moves with it. I can feel my pulse. All the lighted signs behind the counter in front of me go on and off—spheres revolve—clock hands turn—a blur—I swish each mouthful of beer around for a while—the taste is fascinating—then it gets bitter— I leave.

The wind isn't blowing, and I don't feel the cold. The concrete I'm stepping on, the buildings, the passing cars: all so comical—and real. I wish I wasn't drunk; I want to think—to be picked up by one of the cars—to laugh and talk —to go back to my room and read.

Room—. Too hard to concentrate—can't read—I'll go to bed: my mind is floating. I'm on a ferris wheel, going round and round—laughing—smiling. I'm in the colonel's plane—about to take off—the motor roars so—"no—wait —I don't want to go—I'm afraid—O, God, it's so wonderful." I'm six years old, in Grandmother's living room, with Carol, turning round and round until I fall on the floor with hysterical laughter. And now the lonesome drone of a truck in the distance: I think of a long trip I'd once made—at night in the motel—with my parents—too excited to sleep: I heard the same lonesome drone of a truck: I felt secure someone was still awake and I could hear them.

A cigarette tastes so good on top of beer. I take long deep drags—wish I could sleep—hate getting drunk—the damn aftermath—the first pain of getting sober. I'll find Randy's on the radio. God—to be drunk again! A cool light appearing outside: damp, with the sound of birds. Life seems so good at rare moments like this. I'm glad I'm here: but the sun will soon be up.

—*Kent Bishop*

Ophion

I wanted to save the poem
That would tell---
When you can't do anything but tell---
Of the virgin sea,
The sea would tell its rage.

I wanted to save the sea,
To keep it still for once only,
To tell how it tossed,
Seducing Ophion.

And once,
Perhaps not a year ago,
I heard of one---
She was no virgin.

Say, "The sea,
I am the sea,"
And she walked out
With her wet salt hair kicking at her
shoulders.

Drop an egg
Drop an egg,
Eurynome.

---Al Bonnoit

Clouds

Blue embraced the early morning hilltop. It was not far into the season, but it was cool and the leaves had begun to turn. Over here a few maple had fallen, and had not been blown from where they lay beneath the tree. Some grass was brown, but only in a spot or two, enough to compliment the green. A few seeds of ragweed had strayed to the hilltop and had patterned it occasionally with yellow silken patches of subtle iridescence. A gopher, once on a careless meander, had stitched a bit

of brown here and there. And low upon the crest, eider down clouds rested upon the infinished quilt of early autumn.

He sat on the hilltop and the scented breeze twitched his nostrils. Frieda would be back shortly, he said to himself. She had merely walked away for a while and—if he would just sit there, she would not be long. Ever since he could remember he'd been in love with Frieda. He didn't really know when he had met her—at a dance, or maybe a party. But that didn't matter. As far as he was concerned, they'd always been in love. And this now, well, this was natural, and he couldn't understand why she had objected in the first place. If it hadn't been for his older brother's writing that argument for him, he never would have gotten her to consent. It had worked beautifully though. He didn't actually think she understood, but she had said yes, and that was enough for now. For now he could really show that he loved her, and then she would understand. Boy, you bet she would! He lay wrapped in his love. This was it; this was the big day.

This place was pleasant. He had chosen the spot for no particular reason. Just a place not far to walk where everyone went. It was early, though, and no one else would even have left for school. He pulled up a piece of onion grass and started playing with it in his mouth. Wasn't this wonderful, so very very wonderful.

He lay back on the grass, and through a sudden chink in his obsession, looked at the sky. It was deep, and he wondered why there were so many clouds this time of the year, and why the sun was so bright this early in the morning and still the air so cool. But the clouds were pleasant too, and he could lie and look at them like he used to. Didn't he and Frieda once play a game, make up stories about cloud people and watch them play until they blew away? He wasn't sure; perhaps it was Frieda. Who'd be watching today, he thought. A ducky? A whole flock of them. A horsie—equus caballus. Equus caballus would incontestably perceive the occurrence. Holy, Holy, Holy. The littlest angel, too. He'd be watching—for his box of toys. Oh what pleasant clouds, he thought again. He couldn't ever really remember having seen any that weren't.

He felt in his pocket for the little box. It *had* been quite expensive and he couldn't really afford it but—it *was* for a lifetime. It was, he considered, the best one could buy on three years' newspaper money. When should he give it to Frieda, he thought? After—here you are, I liked it, I'd like it from now on? No; that thought didn't sound right. He would give the ring to her before. Then maybe she'd really want to, and that would be nice. She *had* promised though, and of course she wouldn't have unless she—. Besides, their relationship was much—much too meaningful to just throw away over something this little. But he'd just wait; no big thing. Frieda would be back shortly.

He lay back again and thought. Frieda's being gone at least gave him time to do some of that. Come to think of it, how *was* he able to think of anything when something like this was about to happen—how was he able to wait? Wait, waited. He had counted days, hours, even minutes. But yet now that she was here, there seemed nothing left to count. Anticipation? He could neither ever nor now deny that. But at this very moment it had suddenly become undesirable to do so. At this very moment—Frieda! Frieda!

But his screams could not erase the thought that had suddenly come to his mind. He knew where Frieda was. She was over there behind that bush trying to piss, and she would slip and it would get all over her new cotton print dress with the front so low you could see her . . . ●

—*George Whitaker*

The cover is an attempted representation of the theme of Henry George's **Progress and Poverty.**

Blue

It is that season when the only time orth living is the night. Cold neon cold air, commanding recognition—me in; come where it's warm. Bars limbo—and cold beer: where old d fat men love old and fat women; here ugliness vanishes with the finish a bottle; where alcohol becomes a use to the pseudointellectuals at the ble where they can be heard. Where tside no one ever goes except to pass rridly from one inside to another, eering at those who can't or won't me in too. Where color, that was ver noticed the month before, is miss-. The city that remains inside of elf, infiltrated with winter nothing-ss.

Ever since he could remember, he'd en alone. He was alone now too as stepped cautiously from the doorway the Lanthorn into the street. That s one. Let's see, he thought; where next? As if it really mattered. The cks in the sidewalk slipped by his wncast eyes, faster, slower, then faster ain. He stumbled and then jerked mself erect and looked at the ground, rching for a pebble or patch of sand which to lay the blame. He saw thing except his own feet. But you dn't noticed; and if you had, you uldn't have thought he was drunk. e began to walk again. Something kled his ear and he turned around, t is was only the collar of his jacket. t even excitement, he thought; not en an experience. Something to tell friends when he returned; something which someone would listen. No, t even that.

He heard laughter. Three couples, om he recognized as from the Uni-sity, moved down the sidewalk to-rd him. One boy would stop and his date against a building and, resisted, would move very close to . The others had their arms over shoulders of the long-haired girls their sides, and boy and girl would klessly nudge each other with their s. He looked at the girls, but lowered head and raised his fist to his mouth clear his throat as they passed. He estepped to give them room, though it was unnecessary. The girl wearing boots whispered a playful profanity into her date's ear; a hand was dropped from a shoulder to a skirt. Oh don't they think they're so damn big, he thought. He wanted to pick a fight with the boy with the beard, though he didn't attempt. But as they moved on down the sidewalk, he turned and silently cursed the objects of his hate.

The grammar on the billboard he saw was incorrect. You would have noticed it. He leaned against a street-lamp and almost lost his balance as he studied the sign. Collective noun—used plural— are—singular—should be. He prided himself on his perception, was amused and smiled at their idiocy. Simpletons, he thought; everybody in this town. A funny phrase came to his mind and he wished he had a pencil to write it down. His friends would laugh and get a kick out of his wit. He kept repeating it and revising it as he walked in search of another bar. It was really right clever.

He decided very shortly to return to the Lanthorn. It was "Big-D" night, he remembered, and everywhere else would be noisy and crowded with people from the dance. He would be noticed when he came back to the Lanthorn. Those few people who had been there a while earlier would be there still, and they would glance at him as he entered. He would act blase when he walked in, for they would wonder why he had left. But no one did. He paid for his beer—the expensive German kind—and chose a seat at the end of the bar. Not bad, if he did say so himself. He pursed his lips and held the glass to the light. The man several stools down glanced at him, but he did not notice. The man mumbled something to the bartender.

Well, well, well, he thought; just look here. The group he had seen earlier closed the door behind them. Those in the bar turned, looked, wondered, and returned to their drinks. A few whispered to those beside them. The group moved to the bar and ordered draughts. And they talked loudly. They talked of drama, and of music. They talked of literature. They talked of art. They talked of Dali, and of Paderewski. They talked of Burton; they talked of Olivier. They talked of Flaubert, or of Pound. He pretended not to listen, but the effectiveness of their voices forced his attention. They drank, and they talked again. They laughed and argued; they laughed and listened to each other and even sometimes agreed. They smiled and joked—of Tennyson's pilot—of Shelley's Cortez. They filled him with disgust. Why, they didn't even know what they were talking about.

Closing time was announced. He waited until the group left and their laughter was no longer heard outside. He stepped into the street, and by the cold light of a distant vapor-lamp saw them turn a corner out of sight. Shelley's Cortez. Shelley's Cortez. Oh those fools. Those stupid, ignorant fools. It's Keats, he screamed in delight. Keats! He laughed and turned toward the University. He walked slowly and soberly, and the night began to whisper to him that he was alone. And as he walked, tears of remorse came to his eyes—for he knew that he envied every one of them. ●

—George Whitaker

FIVE MINUTE TRAFFIC

And now I look too deep.
The wonder of your own God
Who quickly manages to transcend your mind, not leaving you,
But becoming a force which obviously created itself.
The satisfaction of feeling that years ago when you were too young
You stumbled on the meaning of life
And the reason for man's existence both as a body and as a thought.
The anger of seeing other human minds reject your soul
Because they must always fight for breath that has always been
And always will be.
The remorse of feeling your goals and joys come apart,
Torn by your own doubt after everyone has said,
"These things are not possible. You have no fire."

Confusion is a ticket you aren't really sure is for the train you want.
Confusion is seven blue socks, all different shades.
Confusion is a bed under the window and another one against a solid wall.
Confusion is a "best" friend who has many other friends.
Confusion is not really feeling like God is listening.

Joy is lamb chops for breakfast.
Joy is a soft back rub.
Joy is your dog showing he loves you.
Joy is all dark clouds and wind in the afternoon just before it rains.
Joy is crying in prayer because you can feel your God listening.
Joy is a living room on Christmas.
Joy is joy in God.

Life is a stuffed stomach that doesn't depress you.
Life is a high wind and long hair.

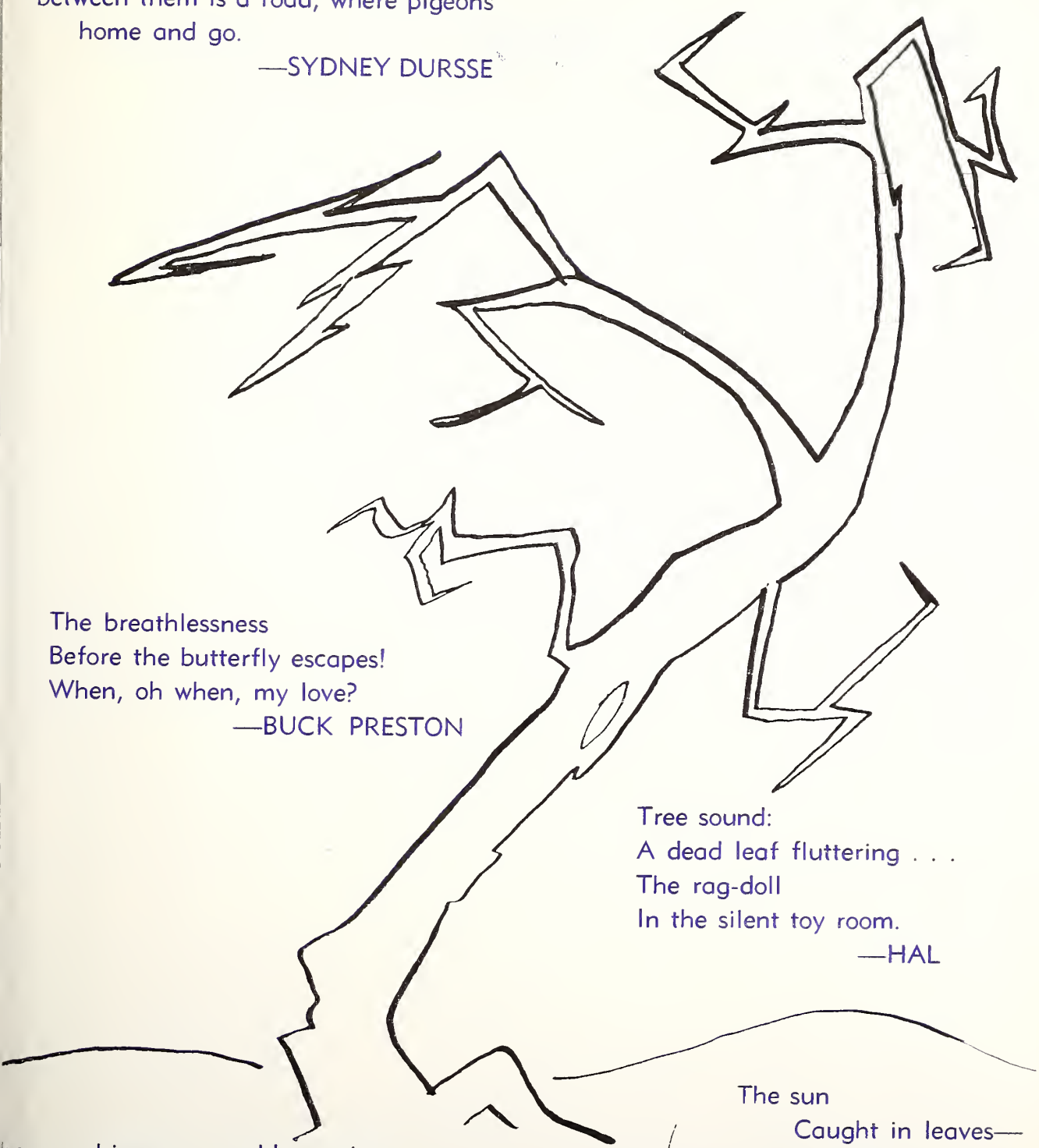
To be in is out unless you are already out which is also out.

Life is a deep breath that hurts your legs.
Life is beer spilled on your chin and wiped off with your forearm.
Life is a constant friend.
Life is a big, uninhibited pet dog that loves to eat snow and ice cubes.
Life is to stop an itch.

I have become aware of good and evil
And of what men should stop at.
Into the mechanism of life I think and try to operate.

—Buck Preston

Warehouses red in a row
between them is a road, where pigeons
home and go.
—SYDNEY DURSSE



The breathlessness
Before the butterfly escapes!
When, oh when, my love?
—BUCK PRESTON

Tree sound:
A dead leaf fluttering . . .
The rag-doll
In the silent toy room.
—HAL

The sun
Caught in leaves—
falling.
—KENT BISHOP

he sun shines on a cold morning
And the frost sparkles
On damp dead leaves.
—JIM GRIGSBY

An Introduction To Opera

In a European city where the military performed the police duties, a girl was arrested for stabbing another young woman in a fit of anger. She found herself guarded by a soldier until arrangements could be made to take her to jail. Being very beautiful and not at all inhibited, she used her charms to persuade her captor to let her escape. Fascinated by the girl and convinced that he could win her, he deserted and joined a band of smugglers with whom she had a connection. He had her favor only until she met a swashbuckling public hero. When he pleaded abjectly for her love, she tauntingly rejected him. He killed her in a jealous rage, then realized that he loved her in spite of the treatment he had received.

This story sounds rather melodramatic, but if told skillfully with well-defined character analysis and motivation it might rank with one of Hemingway's in portraying the disintegration of a weak personality. Or in the wrong hands it could become a cheap pulp novelette. Actually, it is well told in the opera *Carmen,* with every word sung to the accompaniment of a symphony orchestra.

But an opera—at least a good one—is not merely a play whose lines are sung; possibly most contemporary works have failed because that is what they are. Opera is a special art form in which the music contributes its part to the atmosphere, to theme and plot development, and especially to the emotional impact of the climax.

Among the several ways of achieving these ends are the orchestral introduction, the fitting of music to the feeling a character expresses, use of the orchestra between lines, and the ensemble.

Some works open with only a few bars of music. Most are introduced by a prelude or overtune lasting perhaps five minutes. For many of the lighter operas this composition is a medley of the tunes of the principal arias, but for the better works the composer offers a special number which serves to establish the atmosphere. The overtune to *The Barber of Seville,* an opera filled with fun and action, is a mockingly sprightly piece guaranteed to put the audience in a cheerful and expectant mood. On the other hand, the first notes of *Lucia* literally breathe foreboding, and one who has been in Scotland can almost see the gloomy skies and somber hills of Lammermuir.

The artist who has a prominent part must be both an excellent singer and a top-flight actor to make a performance a real success. You literally hear the tears in the voice of Lucia Albanese as she sings Violetta's renunciation aria in her recording of *Traviata.* But the artist has the help of the composer in portraying feeling and character. Probably nobody but Mozart would have been so ingenious as to write the music for "Vedrai, carino" ("Believe me, dearest"), in which Zerlina is comforting her fiance after he has received a drubbing, in exactly the time and with the accent of a heart beat. Again, when Figaro is teasing the troublesome Cherubino after he has been drafted into the Count's army, his taunting aria is expressed in martial music. At its conclusion, Figaro dances gleefully about the unhappy lad to several bars of march music and a fanfare from the brass.

Rossini superbly accomplishes tying together different lines of dialog with music descriptive of mood and action when Rosina's forbidden suitor, disguised as a music teacher, is pretending to give her a piano lesson. Between the lines of their low-voiced conversation the orchestra comes in with what may well be a representation of lively harpsichord music. And as Lucia moves slowly toward the wedding guests in th great hall of her brother's castle, Don nizetti accents the hopelessness of th unhappy girl's plight and hints at th tragedy to come in the notes inserte between remarks of two principa characters.

The play may offer a scene in whic two or more people converse; the oper does the same thing; but in song. A more important exchange of words take place in a number to which the com poser has given special attention. Ac cording to the situation, the result is duet, a trio, or an ensemble. The oper differs from the play in that characte not only express themselves individuall but often simultaneously in entirely di ferent words. Four, five or more ma air their opinions and feelings at th same time. Such a mixture of voices i a play would result in meaningle babel; but in opera the parts are harmoniously blended that the effect never unpleasant. The atmosphere i duced is gay, dramatic, or tragic, accor ing to the situation the composer describing musically—but it is alwa achieved with harmony, except whe a studied dissonance serves the purpo better.

The music lesson episode in *Th Barber* develops into an ensembl While sitting for a shave in the mus room of his mansion, old Dr. Bartol finally realizes that he is being dupe In one of the most hilarious scenes of opera he jumps up, his face still ha lathered, and explodes with invecti Rosina, her suitor, and the barber, raz still in hand, attempt to calm him, finally singing at the same time.

Rigoletto contains a famous quartet The audience sees both the inside a the outside of a country inn where t disguised Duke is making love to t innkeeper's sister. Outside, the hunc back jester is eavesdropping with l

aughter, Gilda, whom he wishes to onvince of the Duke's philandering. 'he scene opens with a love song by ıe Duke, which is answered flirtingly y Maddalena. Against the background f their singing, Rigoletto admonishes ;ilda, and she replies as the scene builds) a climax.

The great arias, duets, and ensemble elineate character and convey backround information, or mark the high oints of action and feeling. The comoser has naturally given careful attenon to the music which accompanies ıem. But he also has striven to make ıe music for the connecting dialog exressive of what is being said. There is ı ominous tone in the notes to which ıe hired assassin identifies himself with ıe words "Sparafucile mi nomino," and ıe sense of longing is unmistakable in ıe music to which Violetta sings the ria pouring out her desire for a better fe and the love of a worthy man.

Early composers employed a story of ›rts only to connect the show-piece ·ias of the leading characters. Willibald ›n Gluck was something of an excepon with *Orpheus and Eurydice.* Probly the real pioneers in giving to opera ›propriate orchestration and a wellotted story were two men of the late ghteenth century. That startlingly nique character, Lorenzo da Ponte, rote the libretti (words) and Mozart ›mposed the music for three great masrpieces. The latter never willingly inrted an aria or ensemble—or even a ›te—unless it served a definite purse.. His work initiated the employent of all the devices by which music as made equal to, if not more imporint than, the use of words in telling the ›ry and in achieving desired effects.

There is occasional criticism of the imobable plots of a few operas. Hower, most of those attacked are as credle as the stories of many Broadway usicals. In fact, some of the apparentmost far-fetched are based almost extly upon actual happenings. It must : remembered that the total impression ›on the listener is the main thing. nd so that very tuneful old blood-andunder number of Verdi's, *Il Trovatore,* remains one of the most popular.

What are the sources of the stories? Some are taken from actual occurrences, as in the case of *The Masked Ball* and *Boris Godunov.* Others are based upon novels or plays—Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor (Lucia),* Hugo's *Le Roi S'Amuse (Rigoletto),* Dumas' *Camille (Traviata),* and Goethe's *Faust.* A certain number draw upon myth (most of Wagner's) and legend *(Don Giovanni, Orpheus, Norma).* Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann* is woven from three stories of the supernatural by that early German science fiction writer, E. T. A. Hoffmann, with Hoffmann as the leading character!

Operas have been composed and presented for about three centuries, and perhaps a thousand or two have appeared. Most, like the majority of novels and plays, appealed only to one generation or nationality, and quickly died. Today there are about 300 titles available on LP records to satisfy the fanatical opera buff, but perhaps only a third of these appear on the stage. This fraction includes the real masterpieces for which there is such a demand that the public will not let them die. The majority are in Italian, with a much smaller number in German and French, and one or two in Russian.

There is a continuing debate as to the merits of opera sung in English translation. Personally, I prefer the original language. It is not difficult to follow the story, since the action and the expressive music tell a lot. Years ago most translations were abominable. ("Thy lip outvies Ilymettian-honeyed bowers"—whatever that means—when an almost literal translation is simply "You have lips sweet as honey.") Today there are some very good English versions. But some of the sense is lost in a translation that must fit the words to the composer's notes. And if the work is in Italian, beauty of language is certainly lost. "Beautiful daughter of love" cannot compete with "Bella figlia del amore"; the latter practically sings itself. Then half the fun is missing when one hears what should be the comical sound of the words ". . . al concerto di tromboni, di bombard-e, di cannon-e . . ." come out as ". . . to the sound of trumpets, of the bombardment, of the cannon . . ." But for better understanding and enjoyment, one should read the story and a good translation of the principal arias and ensembles before attending a performance.

The effect of any stage production is enhanced by the proper scenery. Currently there are experiments ranging from the use of a bare stage to settings that one might attribute to Dali. Probably the most satisfying is the somewhat embellished realistic. But realism does not rule out the elaborate; a court scene as set up in a leading theatre may be as rich in appearance as the hall of the king's palace it portrays. One of the most stupendous sets furnishes the background for the triumphal return of the Egyptian army in the La Scala production of *Aida* in Milan. Sometimes what the audience sees is practically worth the admission price.

Nobody will like all operas. Personally I don't care for Wagner's, although I can understand why his works are considered monumental. I just cannot get the feel of a romantic scene in which the hero bellows a love song and the heroine literally screams in reply. I much prefer Mozart and Don Giovanni's soft words, "La ci darem la mano . . ." and Zerlina's hesitant "Vorei, e non vorei, mi trema un poco il cor . . ." Nor do I care for Puccini, although his *La Boheme* is very popular.

The newcomer to opera may find that a taste for this form of art requires cultivation. At first he probably should avoid Wagner's works, *Falstaff, Forrza del Destino, Manon,* and the like. He should try something on the order of *Carmen, Barber of Seville, Marriage of Figaro,* or *Rigoletto.* All four of these are very popular here and in Europe, and are counted among the best.

To appreciate opera fully anyone must remember that it is not just dialog set to music, but is a blending of the two with the action, a special art form in which the music is often by far the most enjoyable feature. ●

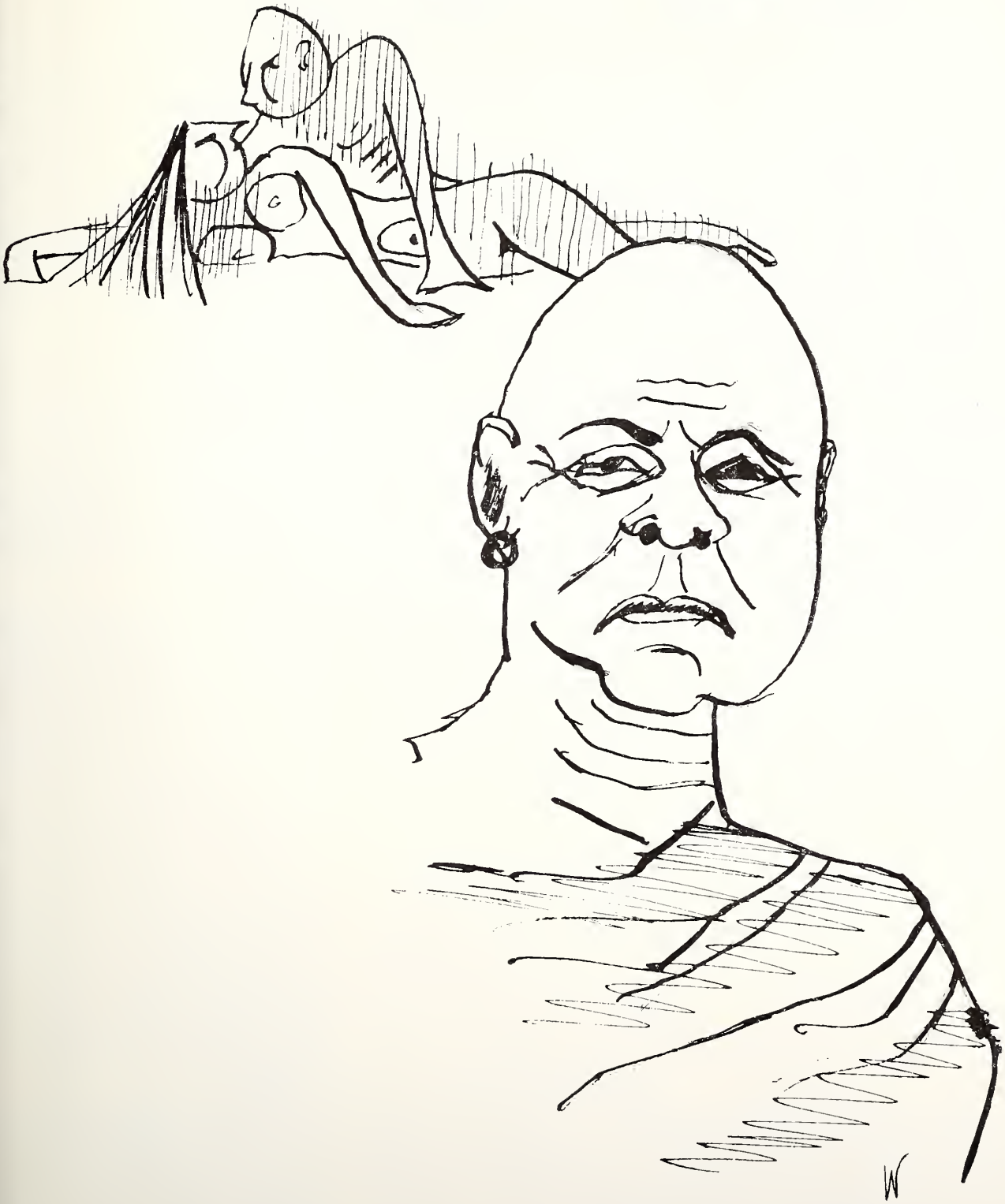
—*Howard Pegram*

LOVE SONG OF AN ATHENIAN EUNUCH

My eyes had never known the daylight hour
When, from a babe, they made me half a babe.
And as I grew accustomed to the light,
I saw myself before I saw the night
And all the darkness of my dawn. No star
Kept stately vigil for the red sunrise.
No constellation reigned my natal morn.
But out beyond these palace walls the stars
Are scheming dispositions. They have shone
Fulfillment of the dark throughout these days
On lovers' faces. They are burning bright,
And all the world is burning in the night.
Before my candle flamed the light was out.
What shapes, what shadows toss in lonely love,
From kitchen slaves to royal thrones of kings.
All, all are sleeping. I am not asleep.
I am a eunuch and a chamberlain
Who guards the mother of a Grecian boy
Gone in the sunset in a crimson sail
To try himself upon the spears of Troy.

Deep in the night I hear the twisted vines
Of bodies writhing, and they call it love.
I hear the laughing faces in the dark,
The broken verses of the songs they sing.
They will not listen to the words I bring.
I sing while birds have pebbles in their throats.
I sing while lovers swear away their years.
I sing for lovers laboring to love.
What is this meaning that they labor for?
It is for man, and I am half a man,
Yet I have love. What need have I for love?
That which is death to me, I have to give,
That which is life has nothing more to live.
Tonight I am together. Life's alone,
And all the world is lost in lonely love.
I sing! I sing! Inside myself I sing!
"They seek each other for themselves and live.
They seek, enjoy, rejoice, but do not give.
They do not give, and still they all receive.
I can but give. I give, and yet I grieve.
All love is mine. All life I have to leave."
And so I sing, and they do not believe.

—HAROLD LAWRENCE


W

The Return

It was a dismal day in November and Mike Bratton was well aware that he was over an hour late in returning home from school. Although late, he felt that his parents would surely understand why when he told them his surprise. As Mike stumbled along the broken dirt road, he began to think about how he would tell his parents his good news.

At first he thought that he would simply be direct and to the point, but just as he was about to enter his home, he decided to be more casual and let his news slip out.

Swinging open the back door, ready to burst with excitement, Mike calmed himself and began to set the stage for his telling of the good news.

"Sorry I'm late, but I———

"Don't try my nerves with another one of your lousy excuses—you little runt!" This seemed like the only way in which his mother ever spoke to him. "Next time I ask you to get home early so you can go shopping at the market while I take care of your little brother you—" She hesitated as if she were at a loss for words and finally added, "You get home!"

In these last words of hers Mike sensed the awareness of pure, unfettered hate. After failing to find pity in his mother's eyes, he slowly turned from her and went straight to the room which he and his brother shared.

"Humph," he said to himself, "I don't guess anyone cares if I've been chosen to represent the entire school in the science fair."

Upon entering his room, Mike glanced at his younger adopted brother, Bob, who was playing with a brand new game which his parents had given him. Now, thoroughly accustomed to such things, Mike did not even bother asking himself when it had been since he had received a gift or even any form of love and consideration from his parents.

After several hours had elapsed, Mike's father finally came up to the room to help take Bob down the stairs to supper. When he came into the room, a somewhat bitter atmosphere seemed to envelop Mike and his father. Contrary to usual procedure, Mike's father sent Bob to supper by himself. Mike now knew that he was in deep trouble. In hopes of gettig out of his father's talk, Mike again tried to tell someone about his good fortune.

"Dad, do you know about the science ——

"Shut up and listen," interrupted his father.

"But Dad,——

"Do I have to use this on you again to make you shut up?" said Mike's father as he held up his fist and shook it threateningly.

At this moment Mike finally broke down and asked his father a very dangerous question for which he had tried to get an answer many times before.

"Why is it that I always get the worst end of the deal?" Mike said pleadingly as he tried desperately to hold back the tears of self pity. "What does Bob have that I don't? If I mean so little to you, why did you ever put up with me when I was a little kid? Why didn't you just abandon me on somebody's doorstep?" At this point, Mike could no longer hold back the tears and began to sob bitterly.

His father seemed deeply stunned at Mike's plea for justice and calmed himself before he continued.

"Now look Mike. you've been rather inconsiderate to your mother and me tonight, so I think it best for all of us if you forget about having dinner and go to bed."

The coolness with which his father made his last statement petrified Mike. He knew that he would be punished, but he did not think that his father would be this severe on him. He an his father just stood and stared at eac other for what seemed like an eternit Then, at the exact moment that hi father turned to leave the room, Mik clenched his fist and lunged forwar only to swing at a body of empty spac

"So help me," Mike said breathlessl "so help me God, someday he'll be sorr Why does he always pick on me lik that? If I had any sense at all, I woul have punched him right then and there Mike braced himself on his bedpo and with a slow, rhythmic beat, h the post with his tightly clenched fis While doing this, he repeatedly promi ed that someday-very soon-he would ru away from his home and find someplac to live where he would be respected.

* * *

About a year elasped after Mike a most broke with his father before h lived up to his promise and ran awa He was fifteen when he left home. I order to have living expenses, Mik traveled from town to town taking od jobs. He seldom thought of his moth and father, because he felt that the had purposely done him an injustice b not giving him some of the very bas essentials of life. For twenty year Mike never saw his parents. Durin this time, he became a jack-of-all-trade He did everything from washing dish to repairing watches. He made mar friends who trusted him inplicitly ar who often lent him large sums money. He never once failed to pa his debts.

At one time, Mike was offered a hig position in a watch-repairing firm. was his fondest desire to someday ope a repair shop of his own, so he work diligently at his job. Finally, after mar long years of saving every penny could, Mike put up the money need to open a shop of his own. Ironieall

n the same day that he put up his capi-
al, the firm for which he was working
vas robed of a comparable sum. Con-
equently, Mike became a prime suspect
or this crime and was accused of grand
arceny. By the time of his trial, he
vas friendless and forelorn, because
veryone thought that he had defied the
ery people who had once helped him.
Infortunately, Mike, though innocent,
vas found guilty and was sentenced to
ve years in prison. The court, how-
ver, was lenient and suspended his
entence due to his past record. Now,
vithout friends to turn to, he decided
o visit his parents and see if they had
hanged and would help him forget
is past life. So he set out for his home,
ome 800 miles away. Traveling like
tramp, he hitch-hiked and hopped
rains to get home. After three days of
his ordeal, he found himself on his
wn street. A slight mist had begun to
all and a cold wind threatened snow.
s his house came into view, his mind
vandered back to old memories, and he
oon found that he had completely stop-
ed walking. He remembered coming
ome after school and seeing his dog
hasing the neighborhood alley cat be-
ore he saw his gentle master and pounc-
d on him with a warm greeting. He
lso remembered his adopted brother,
ut for some reason, he couldn't recall
nything that he or his parents had done
o hurt him. In a moment of great joy,
e darted out into the street and headed
or his home. Just as he was about to
ep into his own front yard, a car
rought him tumbling to the cold,
amp, ground. The driver of the car
uickly jumped out of his car and ran
o the lifeless body on the ground. After
eing that the man was dead, the
river frantically pulled the victim's wal-
t out of his pocket and shuffled to the
ar's headlights. Here, the driver let
ut a petrifying scream, for he realized
hat this lifeless object which he had
ust killed was his own son.

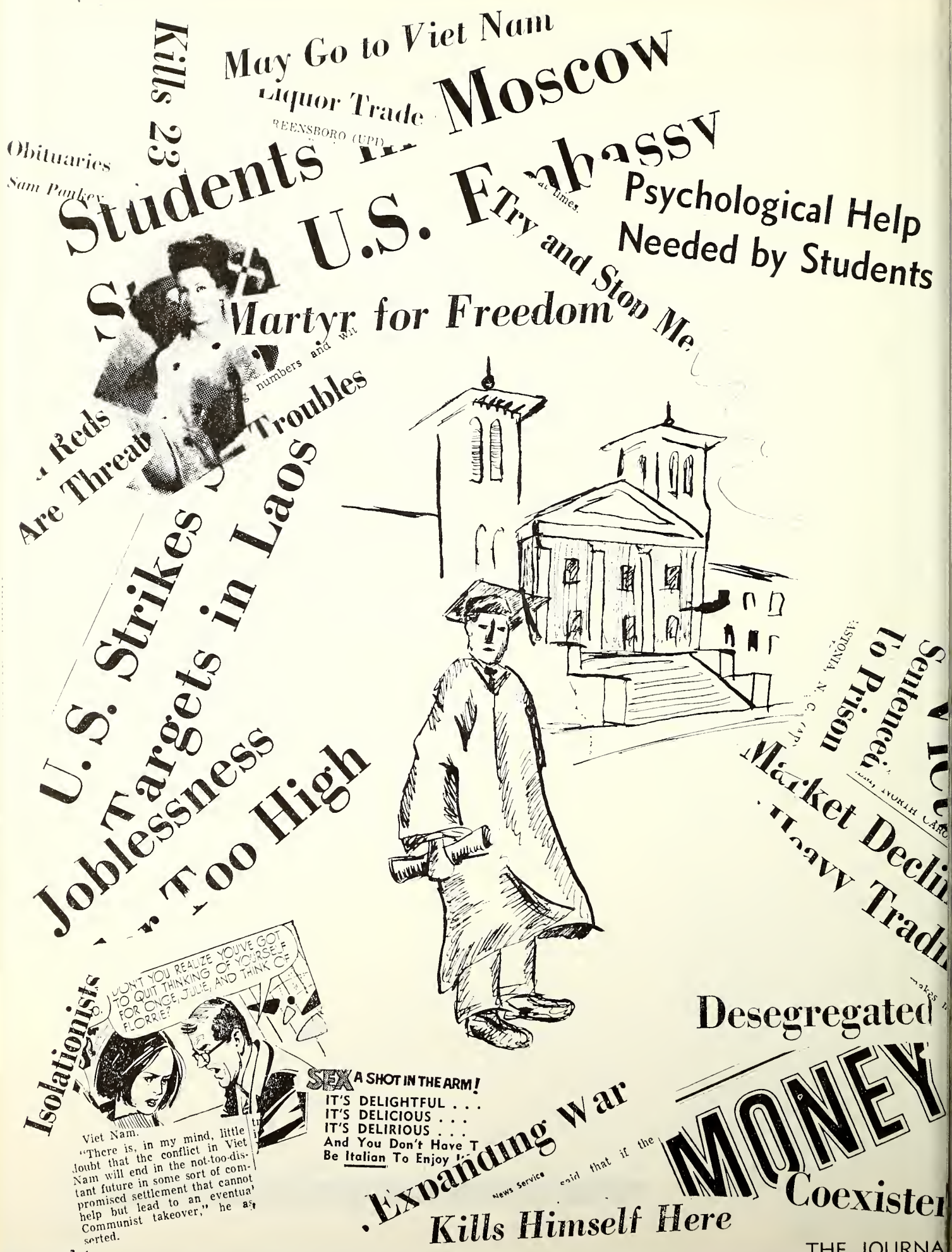
All that could be heard from the
river as he turned toward his house
ere these words: "If only he knew
hat his brother died of leukemia two
eeks after he ran away." ●

—*Brian Cooper*

The night
Whispers
To me
Of a warm starry
yesterday.
A walk
On damp sand
And words---
Long forgotten
By someone.

Still
I remember
Else why
Do I walk
Alone.

---Bill Smith


May Go to Viet Nam
Liquor Trade
Moscow
Kills 23
Obituaries
Sam Pankey
Students
U.S. Embassy
Psychological Help
Needed by Students
Try and Stop Me
Martyr for Freedom
Reds
Are Threat
Troubles
U.S. Strikes
Targets in Laos
Joblessness
Too High
Sentenced
To Prison
Market Declin
Heavy Tradi
Desegregated
Isolationists
DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'VE GOT TO QUIT THINKING OF YOURSELF FOR ONCE, JULIE, AND THINK OF FLORRIE?
SEX A SHOT IN THE ARM!
IT'S DELIGHTFUL . . .
IT'S DELICIOUS . . .
IT'S DELIRIOUS . . .
And You Don't Have T
Be Italian To Enjoy I
Viet Nam.
"There is, in my mind, little doubt that the conflict in Viet Nam will end in the not-too-distant future in some sort of compromised settlement that cannot help but lead to an eventual Communist takeover," he asserted.
Expanding War
News Service
said that if the
MONEY
Coexisten
Kills Himself Here

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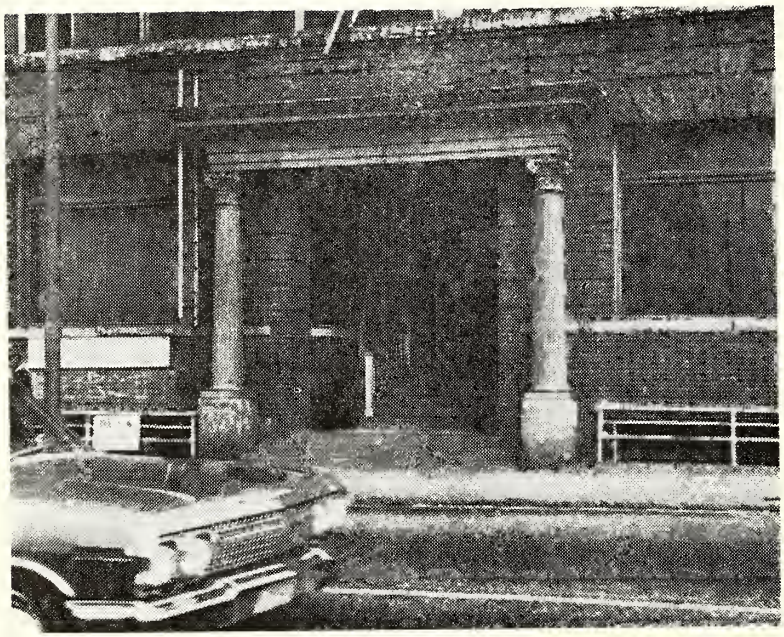
This day was to be sparkling and crystal clear.
As fresh as the stripes on a peppermint cane.
I planned it so
that I might share it with you.
That we might live a moment of our lives as one;
Moving toward Death as one, in blind innocence.

But night came. And what we thought was impossible—
happened.
Our day wrapped in a tenebrous cloak of wet misery;
Like hell frozen over, melting.
Puddles. You can't take a step without ruining your sole.
There are always some puddles. Now they are easy to find.
Even when we step in the same puddle
My feet get wetter; or so it seems.
One day—you'd get soaked and
I'll stay dry.

Is today all that was altered by the night?
If so . . .
can the next night change it back?
This day was to be
sparkling
crystal
clear.

—RICK SHEPPARD



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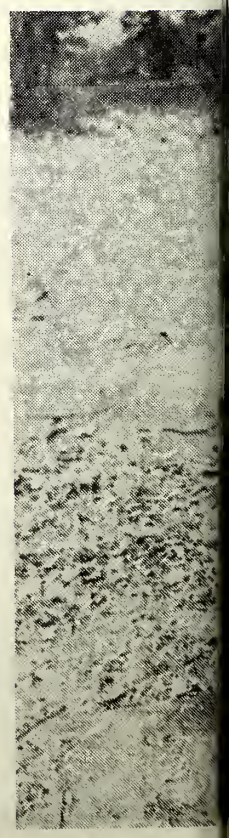
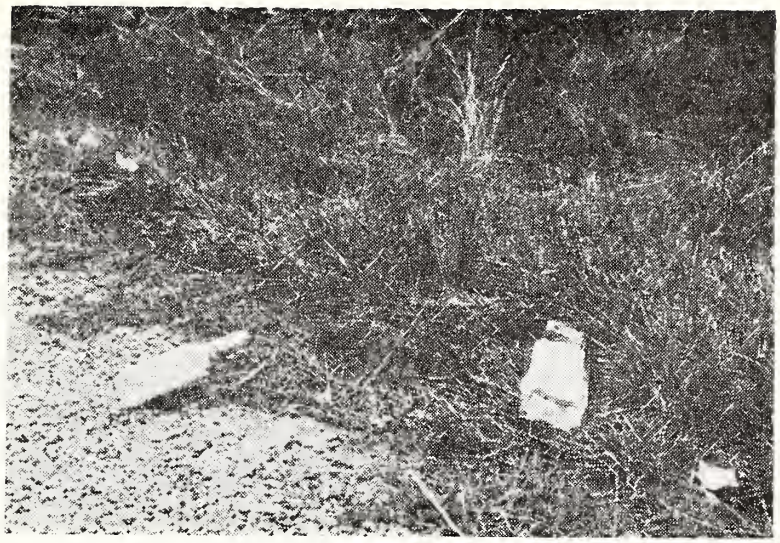




o Vinces

After The Second Sounding

Sand and seaweed, slug and shell
Pitched their fury in the swell

Where the windy beach was worn,
Where a blue-eyed boy was born.

Nothing there, nor in the skies
Matched the blueness of his eyes;

Matched the wonder on his face.
By the seashore he would race

While his lungs would throb with air,
While the wind played in his hair.

How the sand sprayed from his feet!
How he danced in summer heat,

Listening to the gull commotion
On the waters of the ocean.

Will the plovers share his sorrow,
Find his footprints there tomorrow?

Will the water smooth the sand
When he has become a man

As all children dream to be,
Glistening warriors of the sea?

Will he return someday alone
And find his seaside kinsmen gone

And stroll the sandy cradle bed?
Will he find his mother dead

And weep for her and weep for birth,
Knowing all of life was worth

Pressing faces down to be
In the bosom of the sea?

Where the ocean beats its foam
Down and under, there is home.

—HAROLD LAWRENCE

Sometime one cried to see the smiles dry
As the prayer comes in
And leaves the green.
While out at picking flowers
My Persephone seduced
So loved, her love was still.
Passing a marble edifice
I have remembered
(Although I am told to remember)
And have loved Eden
Where the rain is the worst evil.
And with all the host earth could allow
I have sworn to pass
When I can no longer believe.
So is the way of the flesh.
And so is the way of promise.
Quoting a bearded youth before a chasmed people:
"How long must one wait?
How longer?
For already I grow old of waiting
And see about me the old who have waited
So that now I think maturity is how long one waits."
This all was before the angel learned karate to compromise.
And the waiting multitude
(in the chasm)
Waited.

—AL BONNOIT

A Decade Of Folk Music

The year was 1956; the city, San Francisco, California; and the place, a small college-town hangout named the "Cracked Pot." It was only a cheap beer joint, but its walls were shaking with the thunder of revolution. The movement was led by three young . . . musicians. Nightly they drew capacity crowds of their fellow students, who came to applaud the trio's fresh and driving (but not too authentic) arrangements of obscure American folk tunes. The three met with such success in subsequent months that they soon were offered a recording contract with Capitol. They took the name "The Kingston Trio."

Thus the seeds were planted, and spread their roots throughout the nation, until nearly every college campus could boast at least one folk group—most copying the original Trio note for note. Yet, these groups brought the new idiom before the public. Interest in our American "musi-cultural" heritage began to rise. Before this time the only folk music enthusiasts were those who were themselves "folk," and unknown scholars who studied folk music purely out of academic interest. But soon everyone was "digging the folk scene."

The above scholars, calling themselves purists, were appalled at the "un-ethnic" style so many people were associating with their discipline. Yet, they recognized the entertainment value they possessed. From this cult of somewhat snobbish fakes arose one of the finest songwriters of all idioms. Combining his knowledge of folk culture with his musical genius, this man, going under the name of Bob Dylan, composed satirical songs of social comment, moving love songs, and blues and ballads with amazing variety. Because he wore the simplest of clothes, and played an old, beat-up guitar, he won the support of the purists. And through the magic of his wit and poetry he was soon to become the hero of the pseudo-folk crowd.

But outside of all this, a tragedy was in the making—a tragedy for all folk enthusiasts. The "Hootenanny" had become a fad, indeed an industry. Inevitably it was doomed to follow the road of all fads, collapsing of its own weight. As rapidly as the American pub-

lic had accepted folk music, they rejected it— tiring of the new toy. Within a few months, the fad was as dead as the hula-hoop. Who are the folk enthusiasts now? The same two groups as before, their ranks swelled somewhat — but definitely still a minority.

Yet, rejection was not all that our enthusiasts were fated for. Across the Atlantic a far deeper insult was being prepared. Four moppets in England were shaking the world with a new and exciting rock and roll sound that fascinated teenage girls of all nations. Peter, Paul, and Mary sales dropped as the Beatles rose to the top of the pop music world. Yet, this was not the insult. Folk enthusiasts of this country will usually admit that the Beatles are brilliant young musicians, bringing originality to a field too long lacking in this quality. The insult was to be administered by one of their own ranks. Dylan, their hero, became their hated traitor. Offering no explanation to his followers, he abandoned his work clothes and scratched-up Gibson for tight-fitting pants and an electric guitar. To those who loved him, he had spoken almost with the tongue of a Jesus. Yet it would seem that he had the soul of Judas. Appearing last year at the Newport Fall Festival he was shoved from the stage in an outburst of hatred seemingly inconceivable of those who had worshipped him.

He is not, however, alone in his betrayal. Other groups and performers finding their popularity endangered by lack of interest in their music joined him. Even the Kingston Trio (not the original, but one with a new member) has gone rock.

Folk music is definitely dead as a national entertainment industry. It has gone whence it came . . . to the hills and classrooms. Yet, it is not a sad death. Those who supported it were those who support all fads. The loss of their interest is no grievance to true folk enthusiasts, whose love goes beyond a mere desire to entertain—to be celebrities. Folk music will still hold the same charm for these people for years to come—just as it always has. Whether or not the idiom will again rise to influence our society is of little importance for unlike the hula-hoop, it has left behind much beauty that will never be forgotten. ●

—George Wrigle

THE CHAMPION

Toby was a Negro. He had suckled at the breast of southern America, cut his teeth upon the razor-edged grasses of a George swamp, and had come to know himself amid the confusion of black and white faces—and he had a dream.

To begin with—the soft sun, with its warm hometown effects, had beamed down on the two-roomed house near the edge of the swamp with the same day to day disposition, leaving a few splotches of shade in the trees. The whole atmosphere was familiar; so familiar it was sickening, and so sickening it never changed color or smell or social status. And the house—one of the many little Negro shanties that dotted the coastal backroads and mud fields—was a debatable house and a doubtful house and a damnable house. It wasn't square or any shape; it just was. And the sun rose and the sun set sharing with it the same amount of light it shared with the rest of man's creative manifestations. And the swamp (clap people), it had an edge, but there was no certain boundary that marked it. And the rest of the description included whatever else there was and people, just as black and as white as God made them.

Since there wasn't a society (a thing that knew enough of standards to start something) Toby was a bright brown boy, not black like the rest of his mother's children. But it didn't matter to him. He was brown, and he was beautiful. And all his life he would be brown. He knew that, and he, like most Negroes, had learned to accept it or rather to take it in the living stride of things. But it just wasn't enough for Toby to accept. It wasn't enough to play while Rome burned—to kill the fatted calf while the brother burned—to light candles while day burned. It wasn't enough to be afloat in a storm wind or to remain anchored in a tide of democracy. And it wasn't much use in getting poetic. Anyway, Toby had become proud—proud of his color and the swamp and the little tin stack that blew smoke from the two-roomed house all over the yard. "God, it looks like the whole world is here in one little cloud," he had told his brother. "And everything is blue, and you can stand here in the smoke and see Jesus." It was also a familiar thing, and it had a stench to it. It smelled like breast milk. And it was things like this that made life small.

Houses were small enough, almost as small as life, but life was good. And it sometimes became more than standing in wood smoke or spitting through the space between the two front teeth or stealing watermelons from the dirty gas stations over on the black-topped road.

People were small enough, almost as small as the world, but the world was bad. And it sometimes became less than eating beans or getting nothing for Christmas except oranges or having a bowel movement. And Toby had many worlds to loom before his chocolate eyes every time the year ran down the thermometer. He never learned what conceptions were until he was twenty-five, but he had them—real and big—before he was thirteen. His conceptions grew far beyond his appetite, and his mind was never idle enough to make excuses for the growth.

Schools were small enough, and he managed to get into one long enough to taste the smoke he often stood in and walked in. It didn't teach him to read, but it taught him to think a little more. And it was dream thinking and just wasn't practical. And when he left the dusty old building each day, it was almost like leaving a world to go and hunt stove wood. And that's exactly how it was.

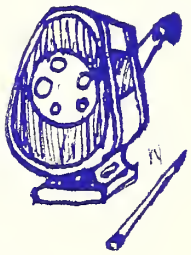
Aside from things being small, there were big things. And there were days Toby thought were big. There were days when the sun shone in the back door, and there were rainy days. And there was a day when he saw a Negro who had been kicked in the face do a triple-summersault in a drainage ditch and lie there bleeding and crying, and there were rainy days. There were black days and white days with black boys and white boys. And it seemed

strange to Toby that all white boys had shoes and socks when God was black. Or that is how he thought God was.

God was good, and from the first day he saw injustice in the swamp, Toby had a dream. And very soon he was to watch it spread from the swamp and from his mind and reach the whole world. It set his eyes on fire and his head on fire, and he burned day and night with it, lost in the sleep he slept. And the dream told him many things, and he listened in his heart. The dream said that it wasn't enough to be proud and to accept things. It said that it wasn't enough to merely live and die. Then far in his mind, far beyond the unpainted brown doors of his schoolhouse, Toby spoke to his dream (sing Christians). It was a deep dream for him, and it wandered in his mind, far in his mind, and he breathed it in, and he blew it out, and he talked it in his sleep and in his heart. And it spoke to him again. It told him that it was not just a dream for him but a dream for all his people. The words came from the smoke and gave him visions. And it told him he would be a champion (O Savior); a great champion for his race. One who could stand before them and testify. One who could represent them in a true way and make the world stop talking and listen to him and to the problems of his people. Yes, God, he would be a leader, and he would do something. He would speak and the world would listen, and the white man would listen. His mother would be proud—yes, God! And he would do so much—just give him time. He would be a leader. He would be a champion.

Toby grew up. And all the while he was growing, he never forgot his dream —never forgot the promises he made in the smoke, never forgot what he would do whenever he got the chance. But there was always the reality of any situation to face. The swamp was still there, no matter how much dreaming was done. His skin was still there, his mother was still there, and the whole damn rotten world was still there, and he was nowhere. And, of course, there were white people. They were always there.

Neither the time of day nor the time of night could find Toby hating white people ever. He didn't hate them; he couldn't hate them. But he feared them. He feared them with a living fear that chilled him in the brightest sunshine. Even when Buck Simon's boy laid for him one day and cursed him and hit him in the stomach with a piece of pipe, he didn't hate them. It was Simon and his money that gave Toby's mother



whatever work she could do. It kept a roof over all their heads. It was his work on his land that kept them all from starving. He was white, by God, he was white. But he had money and land, and all Toby had was a dream. And Toby, unlike the normal boy his age, didn't hate him or anybody. But it hurt when he was slapped and kicked —Jesus it hurt!

All the fear in the world, according to Toby, was the product of a white multiplication table. And it was real— really real. It grew, and it faded, and it grew again. And it was always present, even in the early morning hours when nothing moved except a lazy chicken scratching in the yard. And the older Toby was, the more aware he became of a white fist squeezing around the front yard and the swamp and the whole black world. Cruelty, envy, and a dictionary of other words erupted right in front of his big brown eyes. Everything but hate. Hate remained sort of neglected because all it did was create more awareness and more explosions and more fear—and Toby knew this. He visioned it every time he heard talk of fighting, beating, and killing, and being killed. It was crazy to hate, for Toby saw that it only made him more afraid. But he would overcom the fear and be a savior of his peop (perish sinners); he knew he would.

The world through the black man eyes had always been white. And the brightness of white dazzled th eyes of Toby, he gradually moved h mind from the two-roomed house on the black-topped road and then on town (praise God) and then . . . H stopped there, for the world he kne ended there. And then, just as gradua his pride moved from the sweat of h greasy forehead and trickled down h body and trailed in the dust behind hi as he walked in his mind. And for th kind of walking, Toby was not pr pared. It embarrassed him and humi ated all pride remaining. And Toby le the problem hanging and went to lo for some shoes.

* * *

Just how he managed it with th small amount of educational backgrou and backbone was something even To never understood. But after he le home that year, he got a job on th railroad which took him far north a far south which caused him to sa the life of a fat passenger in a Virgin train-wreck which, due to the stupidi of some off-beat guardian angel/fath and son complex, led Toby in o country fire from the first grade ri through four years in one of the m prominent institutions in the north. one fell stroke, Toby was transform from a Georgia swamp-boy to an e cational path-finder.

"I am going to go back south wh I finish here," he told his heart. am going to study and learn enough help my people." The dream was s there. The old thoughts and aspiratio still flamed in him. And sometimes th burned so bright he could still sm wood-smoke. And he knew what wait there.

But with learning came re-evaluati and re-adjustment and re-self. To saw a great deal of his old thoughts w different eyes. And the way th turned out! Some came through t process with him and matured him a gave him confidence. Others turned

olish when he tried to apply his new ind to them. Among the others was e swamp. And through his mind like fast freight train ran loud noises argu- g inside him. (Come back old world don't leave now. Don't drift away, r there are dreams there.) Yet the ises ran on, each pulling words— any crazy run-together words along th them. Words like—the swamp and

oke and mother. The swamp was st a hole in the world. Toby knew at now. And good times were not to for everybody. And white men were h. And God wasn't black anymore. e was white (Thank Jesus), and he s a Jew. And Toby—Toby was a eral.

When he was back home, Toby had t that the swamp was the only place the world to be. It was everything, d anything else outside of it was not l. Then, when he had been away a time, the entire thought—the tire muck of the entire world reversed elf. And the world of the institution s Toby's world. And the swamp and e whole damn state of Georgia was st as distant and as much unreal as ina was. Yes, God, it wasn't for Toby decide the reality of things. But he d. And all he did was just think out it. But time passed too fast for n—and soon, since the swamp life d the wood smoke and the dreams d fizzled away into the past, he had decide whether to stay where he was to go back to Georgia and the narrow e and the little life and the low life e merciful, Lord) and the black life. d Almighty, the life he had left.

The choice he made was one that even he had expected for a long time. He stayed. He stayed while the outside world waited—or so he faintly thought —for his boyhood ghost to manifest itself. But he was not caught sleeping, Lord. Toby was not ashamed that he had not been able to fulfill his past and his youth and his dreams. He thought that all people everywhere had them. But he guessed, too, that once they grew and learned a little they pushed them out of their minds and forgot about them, for they were not important anymore. They were not real. They just let them alone and forgot about them.

Toby forgot. He got another job (Shout Children) after he left school, working with white boys and black boys in a time and a place where the words like color or race really didn't mean anything. Oh God, it was an office job, and there were three black and five white boys, and the work was good, and no one cared what color anybody was. It was like heaven.

The job Toby secured placed him on the greatest level of his life. He was pleased with himself for having accepted the gifts that all the past events—fast and slow—had given him. He was glad for the white man and his money. He was glad for the Negro and the low class. He was glad for riches, and he was glad for poverty—for he studied economics, Lord. He didn't see a struggle anymore. He saw a unity—just as he had a unity. He had a life, he had money, he had a purpose, and he had friends (Love the Lord). And he got them by letting life alone. He got it, praise God, he got it. And he would keep it. He wouldn't dream, and he wouldn't ask questions. He would just grab and grab until he got it all. Yes, Lord, he wouldn't ask questions, and he wouldn't dream.

Toby sat at his own desk satisfied. The man beside him was satisfied, too. They both held the same views and lived in much the same way. And they were friends. Yes, Toby and Sam had made great friends.

Sam was an American Indian. . . . ●

—Harold Lawrence

A Will To Survive

Margaret Raymond tiredly pushed a curl of hair from her eye, then pressed her desk intercom, "Will Mr. George F. Myers please report to room 496." She pressed several keys set on the side of her desk and a yellow light clicked on. A moment later a buzzer sounded and a blue plastic folder slid from a slot on her desk. Margaret pulled the folder from the slot and broke its black plastic seal with her fingernail. She scanned the contents of the folder then turned to the front. The upper left hand corner had George F. Myers—688142 written across it in heavy block letters. Beneath the name a man's picture had been reprodcued.

There was a knock on the door and Margaret closed the folder as a man entered.

"Mr. George F. Myers?" Margaret asked, making it sound more like a statement than a question.

"Yes," he answered, "I received a call to come to the Social Welfare Building."

"Sit down please." Margaret motioned to a chair in front of the desk and smiled professionally.

"Why did you call me here?" Myers questioned while sitting down.

Margaret allowed herself a moment of hatred. Myers knew as well as she did why he was here, only he didn't have the strength to accept it. "I'll be blunt Mr. Myers. Your district's population control board has picked you for extermination."

Myers' face suddenly went white. "Is there anything else?" He managed to choke out.

"Yes," replied Margaret as she pulled a sheet of paper from another slot on her desk, "as a citizen chosen for extermination you have certain rights. It is my duty to inform you of these rights."

Margaret opened the sheet, "As you know, the 29th amendment to the constitution states that any person reaching twenty years of age must report to his population control board and register for extermination. A population control board exists to maintain a population level consistent with its area's ability to support a certain number of people. In order to maintain this population level the board is empowered to order any registered person to report for extermination. The district office of the Social Welfare Bureau will provide the offices and personnel to carry out exterminations."

Margaret leaned across her desk and handed Myers a small packet. "You're given twenty-four hour after notification to clear up debts, etc. You may withdraw up to fifty credits from your savings, the rest will be turned over to the government. You may remain in your apartment until sunrise of your extermination date. If you have just been elected to a high public office, you may apply for a temporary repeal of the extermination notice. Nothing else is an excuse for repeal."

Margaret paused for a moment, "There are a few rules. You must follow all instructions within the packet and you will be required to stop by the processing room before you leave. The doctors will induce a reflex pattern into your mind to assure your reporting for extermination; however, your normal reactions will not be altered. Failure to comply with these rules will result i immediate extermination."

Margret looked at a clock, "It is 105 hours now; you will report to room eigl at 1050 tomorrow morning. If you ha any questions, ask now. You are n allowed to return to the Social Welfa Bureau until extermination."

"I don't have any questions," sa Myers.

As he stood to leave Margaret glance up, "You know, you're lucky. You' 29 years old. Most people are less tha 27 when they are called."

As Myers left the office he fleeting wondered just how old Margaret Ra mond was.

Myers left the Social Welfare Bure by a side entrance. He unconscious ran his tongue over the roof of h moth, looking for something differer He knew he wouldn't notice anythi different; but if a hypnotic technici had meddled with his mind it ought feel different!

Myers came to a transit station a waited with several others for the c transit to arrive. Until now Myers h done no real thinking. He had float along in the rush of events letting t day pass without any thought on h part. For a moment Myers consider riding the transit as far as he could in an attempt to outdistance the for closing in on him. Something rose in his mind and ridiculed the idea senseless and accomplishing nothi Inevitably the reflex pattern would fo him to return to room eight. My nodded his head in agreement; nothi could be gained by running, his l twenty-four hours should be put better use than hiding from fate. Ev in his agreement Myers felt the ar ment contrary to something he could identify; then with stunning clarity understood. He was not definit

locked from running, but the reflex attern held him back, suggesting alrnatives, always calming him. Why ll a man he can't run? He might reale he should be running.

Myers began to feel sick.

"Hey buddy, you coming?" shouted e transit driver.

The city rolled past as the transit ake its rounds. Hundreds of skyrapers, each holding its quota of people d offices, reared above his head. lyers gripped the handrail tighter hen he remembered that in all that ace there wasn't enough room for him.

"Eighty-second and a hundred and enty-eight intersection," bellowed the iver. Myers mechanically stepped om the transit and entered his apartent building. The elevator whoshed to his floor, then left Myers to walk

wn the hallway, alone. He stopped fore the familiar door, held his identiation card before the scanner, and lked in when the door popped open.

Myers wasted an hour in his apartent, just touching and seeing all the ings he had taken for granted until w. He had known that the board uld get him sooner or later, but each y he had put extermination out of mind. The phone rested in its sockon the wall and Myers finally began plan. He picked the phone up and rriedly dialed the bank.

A soft voice answered with a sugary llo.

"I'd like to speak with the withdrawal partment."

There was a pause and a man answer, "Good afternoon Mr. Myers, can I lp you?"

"Yes," Myers replied, "I want to withdraw fifty credits."

The man spoke mechanically, "I'm sorry Mr. Myers, you know the law; you can't withdraw more than ten credits a month from your account."

Myers cut him off, "I'm going to be exterminated tomorrow."

After an embarrassed pause the man cleared his throat, "Certainly Mr. Myers, put your credit voucher in the slot and I'll place the credits on account."

Myers slipped his credit voucher into a slot below the phone and there was a muffled clattering of keys. When he pulled the card from the slot Myers noted with satisfaction the fifty on the credit side of his card.

Myers stopped at the public library first. He handed his identification to the librarian and she assigned him a reading cubicle. The librarian was a young girl, probably not yet in her teens; with so little time in life you had to get started early, even before schooling ended.

Myers went into the cubicle and punched the subject button. A microfilm projector flashed subject headings onto a small screen. Myers slowed the speed of the camera as Hygiene suddenly appeared. Hypnotism came on and Myers stopped the projector. He copied the call numbers of several books then pushed the appropriate keys. Seconds later a few microfilm spools rolled into a box by the projector. Myers checked the titles of the spools, selected one, and placed it in the projector.

The sun was setting as Myers left the library; his watch read seven. He glanced at a note pad he held and a quotation on it: "Though hypnotism in its refined state can control human reactions, it cannot affect the will to survive. The will to survive has never been interfered with in any recorded case. However, by controlling the remaining physical drives, the hypnotic technician can assure any subject's actions over an indefinite length of time."

Myers clenched his teeth. He intended to survive.

A taxi pulled to the curb, its turbine engine dropping from a high-pitched whine to a gentle purr. A man hastily jumped out of the cab and handed his credit voucher to the driver. The meter registered the cost of the trip on the debit side of the voucher and the driver returned the card to the man. The taxi pulled away from the curb and the whine of the turbine faded away on the night air. Pulling a ragged piece of paper from his pocket and reading it intently, the man entered an apartment building. He hurried through the lobby, glanced at a clock, then rang for the elevator. He left the elevator at the twelfth floor, checked the ragged piece of paper once more then picked an apartment and pressed the door bell.

Several minutes passed before a man attired in a checked bathrobe opened the door. "Yes," he yawned, "what do you want?"

"I'm George Myers; I phoned you about an hour ago and you said I could to your apartment."

"Oh yes," the man said quietly, "I'm Richard Bair, please come in." Bair motioned to a soft lounging chair, "Have a seat."

Bair settled into a chair opposite Myers, "I don't know what you need a lawyer for Mr. Myers, but if there is some legal difficulty you want cleared up before your extermination I'll do my best."

"I don't have any legal difficulties," Myers said coldly.

"What is it then?"

"I want you to help me escape extermination."

A silent moment passed as Myers kept his eyes solidly on the lawyer.

Bair finally dropped his eyes and took a deep breath. "I should have known that's what you wanted. I'd heard of cases like this, but this is the first personal experience I've had along these lines."

"Well, are you going to help me?"

"Myers, don't you think some of the best legal minds in the country have been working on an extermination dodge? If I had the answer do you think I would tell you?"

"If that means you aren't going to help me then I'll be leaving."

Bair motioned for Myers to sit down, "I didn't say I wouldn't try to aid you; I just wanted you to understand the difficulties."

"Any chance is better than none. What can I do?"

"Just sit and listen for a while." Bair rose and walked over to a crowded bookself. He picked out a thick book and began leafing through it. "First we'll review some modern history."

Myers choked down his anger and strained to keep his voice even, "Listen Mr. Bair, I'm not interested in history. You seem to know some way I can avoid extermination. Tell me so I can get on it before time runs out!"

"Look!" roared Bair, "I don't have to do this, if you give me any problems I'll throw you out the door without a second thought." Bair's sudden outburst struck Myers as if it were physical. Bair continued more quietly, "You can't fight anything until you understand something about it. We didn't have extermination a few centuries back, and it might do you some good to find out why. If people spent more time thinking instead of just living each day in the hope that the ax won't get them, then you wouldn't be in this mess."

Bair came back to his chair, "About four hundred years ago our globe became seriously over-populated. Due to medical techniques and industrial production the average life-span had reached the century mark. The government had to reach some decision to cope with over-population, and they found an answer in the aged. The state was supporting about ten percent of the population in welfare homes and this was not only costing money, it was taking up space that could be used to support the working population. Therefore, they pushed a bill through Congress that allowed the homes to suspend major medical care to "doubtful" cases. By denying medical care to serious cases they managed to up the mortality rate in the homes. This gave them a small respite but the population soon reached its peak level again. They passed another aged bill only this one allowed the government to exterminate selected people among those in the homes. After the most minor of debates the public accepted the new law. Birth control legislation and other preventive measures were suggested, but the public decided that extermination was better than any other method. The Welfare Department soon had to provide the major part of its budget for the extermination section. They issue all work permits and identification papers so no one can escape registering for extermination. The real horror of the law is that it can slowly drop the age limit without any great protest. A one-year drop in the age limit may include about one percent of the population, and they aren't a large enough group to be heard against the crowd. There are no people above the age limit because they are exterminated. We're trapped by our own laws. The only way we can keep the population within bounds is to exterminate a certain portion of it. The legislators have no choice; if the population gets too large, some will start to starve and probably riot. Any break in the process will disrupt manufacturing and bring our entire civilization crashing down like a pack of cards. I imagine they will finally reach an age that allows people to breed just enough to keep the population level constant."

Bair moved his head to look out at the neon lights flashing on a building across the street. "The trouble with a system is that it doesn't give you anything to fight. It's like a circle; there's no concrete place to start from and you keep sliding off its side because it's curved. We're in a one way trap; you can't take one step back, and the way forward will kill us. We're fast becoming a society of sheep. Can you think of one thing from jay-walking to murder that isn't punished by immediate extermination? Each new law is necessary; yet it pushes us into a tighter straitjacket. Who is going to ask to be exterminated before his time? As soon as he is notified of extermination, the government slaps a hypnotic block on him so he can't give them any trouble."

Myers waited a few moments b the lawyer had finished; he continu to stare out of the window at t changing play of neon lights on t buildings outside.

"What about that method of escapi extermination?"

Bair shook his head as if coming o of a daze. "Sure, I'll need to get so things from my den. He returned wi a long sheet of yellow paper and heavy legal book. "A year ago I stu bled onto an old ordinance that allo a citizen to change his registration nu ber if it doesn't suit him. If you to the Registration Office and ask f this form," Bair motioned to a numb he was writing, "you can get yo number changed in about seven hou Do you have that much time?"

Myers checked his watch, "I have good nine hours until exterminati plenty of time."

"Good, when you report for ext mination your number won't match t one the Bureau has so they will ha to release you. It may save you three or four days, and perhaps in t time you can get away again."

Myers took the sheet and got of his chair, "Bair, why do they g us twenty-four hours free before termination? Wouldn't it be simpl for them to exterminate us right aw rather than taking a chance on some getting away?"

Bair shook his head, "Did you foll the instructions in the packet t gave you?"

"Yes."

"Those few little things you would have taken several people day and required about fifty forms triplicate to clear up. If they exter nated everybody immediately it wo take an army to clear up the loose en So they give you twenty-four ho something like digging your own gra

Myers started out the door, t stopped and turned, "If this works, t will probably never let it happen g why didn't you save it till your dat extermination."

Bair turned and looked at the lig

ling his face, "Lawyers are a minority ›up. We know enough that we might the boat; but there are too few of to make any problem of mass. I'll ver receive notification of exterminan. One day I'll walk into this apartnt and some men from the Social elfare Bureau will be waiting. No ance to know you're going, no chance tip the boat. It work beautifully."

Myers closed the door softly, then ran the elevator.

The door to the Registration Office mmed open and Myers almost ran er someone standing nearby. It seemas though he had been running ever ce he left the Social Welfare Bureau.

The clerk at the desk glanced up, an I help you?"

"Yes, I want to get this form," Myers d, pointing to the number Bair had itten.

The clerk scratched his head, "This a new one on me, must be an old m. I'll have to rummage through stacks to find it. Sure you want It will be a lot of trouble to find."

"Yes, please this is urgent."

The clerk disappeared into the back the office and stayed there for a long rty minutes. Finally he appeared th a blue form in his hand, "Here is, I found one in a stack in the ck."

Myers grabbed the form and began hurriedly fill it out. The clerk waited tiently until Myers completed the m then took it back and placed it a filing cabinet.

"Why did you put it there?" asked yers, pointing at the cabinet.

"I put it in the morning clerk's file, will process it first thing in the orning."

"But I can't wait that long!"

"Sorry, but there's nothing I can do out it."

"It has to be processed now, tonight." mmered Myers. "I can't wait till orning, that will be too late."

"I wish I could help you," the clerk rugged his shoulders, "But the central mputers are shut down for the night d until they open at 0700 hours I uldn't process a signature, much less a four page form."

Myers stumbled over to a worn, green sofa and sank down. A faint buzzing filled his head pushing all other sounds away from his hearing. He vaguely noticed the clerk watching him worriedly. "I'm all right." his voice was weak and strange in his ears, like another man's.

Myers managed to get up after a while, dropping the blue form to the floor where it slipped under the sofa and out of sight. He didn't really know where he was going; one minute he was in the Registration Building, the next on the street; even at this late hour crowds of people scurried about like busy scavengers clearing away the remains of the kill. Myers walked until the sun rose, killing time with no effort to use it for any purpose. He wandered aimlessly, letting the full impact of the day seep deeply into his mind until it swirled about in a Mad Hatter's dance of red and organge that threatened to engulf him in its deluge. At 0900 he realized that he was heading for the Welfare Bureau. His own mind was a Judas betraying him to the legions that did not torture or hate, but were just as deadly as any other.

Myers entered the assigned room. The receptionist took his registration card, examined it, and motioned him to a seat at the end of the room.

A row of seats extended the length of the room. The last was the only unoccupied one. Myers sat down and counted the people waiting, fourteen, not counting himself, A door at the end of the room opened and a young woman sitting at the other end of the row got up and walked through the door. The rest of the people rose together and filled the vacant seat. Myers suddenly understood and moved to fill the chair beside him.

A kind of satisfaction flowed over Myers. He had reached the assigned room exactly on time. He knew it was a cheap booby prize arranged by the mind technicians, but he allowed the contented feeling to wash over his spent nerves enjoying these Gurnsey pleasures after the night of havoc he had been through.

The line moved twice before Myers noticed the perfect timing of the operation. Every minute the door opened and another person disappeared. Every minute someone came through the entrance, handed his card to the receptionist and filled the vacant seat.

Less than twelve minutes before he would die, Myers marveled that he was so unconcerned. The door opened again, less than eleven minutes now. The number of people before him diminished mechanically as if a giant conveyor were feeding them into a machine.

Myers was suddenly sitting at the end of the line. The door opened and he entered the extermination room. A little girl in a plain dress had her back to him. A nurse entered the room pushing a hospital cart. The little girl turned showing freckles and a serious mouth carrying the hint of a smile.

"Come here and lie down sir," her voice was high and musical. Myers streched out on the cart, looking from side to side, waiting for the executioner.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," the little girl said seriously, her hands reached to a rack and picked up a hypodermic needle. She filled it with a smokey blue liquid and lifted his arm slightly with her small hand. "I hope you don't mind this."

Myers shook his head gently and was careful not to wince as the needle pricked his skin. The girl dropped the hypodermic into a disposal chute and nodded to the nurse. He saw her smile again; then he shivered as a cold chill ran through his body.

The cart began to move as the nurse pulled him from the room. Myers strained his eyes; his sight was beginning to blur. They weren't putting him to sleep! Myers tried to lift off the cart but his body didn't respond. He tried to close his eyes to drive away a stinging pain. They stayed open, staring up.

"NO! They can't exterminate me," Myers thought savagely. As long as I have a will to survi . . . ●

—*Charles Thompson*

Book Review

A THOUSAND DAYS

Sir Robert Walpole once observed that "All history is a lie." It has also been noted that history cannot be written by those who lived it. If one fully accepts these two observations, it must then be said that Arthur M. Schlesinger is one of the biggest liars now living today.

Neither premise, however, can be fully substantiated, so Mr. Schlesinger can be absolved from such an odious classification. In reality, Mr. Schlesinger has created in his *A Thousand Days* a creditable account of the short, yet seminal administration of John F. Kennedy. He undertakes the difficult task of placing in historical perspective a period of time in which he himself played a prominent role. He successfully blends his own personal experiences into the framework of a book which supersedes the bland, overly emotional form of the private journal or personal memoir. Schlesinger concerns himself with the reality and significance of the events surrounding the Kennedy years in the White House. The result is a notable account which should stand for years to come as the definitive work on the subject.

Mr. Schlesinger begins his account by relating the history of Kennedy's nomination in 1960. He gives a full description of the back-room politics which led to Mr. Kennedy's victory over the forces of the opposition. He presents an intriguing interpretation of the late President's defeat of the Johnson bid and his eventual choice of Mr. Johnson as his running mate. One becomes aware of the power politics involved in seeking the highest office in our land.

After treating the vigorous campaign and the ultimate victory over Mr. Nixon, Schlesinger begins his history of Mr. Kennedy's administration. He stresses the new look forward which characterized his "New Frontier" from the start. He captures brilliantly the spirit of optimism and hope which Mr. Kennedy sought to bring about. The vitality and energy ushered in with his inauguration is portrayed against the background of an America seeking to reject the status quo and effect a new dimension in our history.

Crisis was also present in the Kennedy years, and Mr. Schlesinger seeks to put such events in their proper perspective. Beginning with the fiasco at the Bay of Pigs, he takes the reader through the succeeding series of ordeals and trials that faced the new administration. Laos soon arose as a major factor in our foreign policy, with the Cuban missile crisis following soon after. Our relations with Soviet Russia, which almost carried us to the brink of an all-out nuclear co frontation, reflected the harsh, yet pra tical line which the government ha chosen to take in order to insure ou national security. Especially in th Cuban crisis, the Kennedy team stren thened itself and gained the experienc needed to jell into an effective unit.

On the home front, the struggle f racial equality was dominant. In th area, Mr. Kennedy took a firm star against the Southern opposition and a tempted to use brute force to gain h ends. Brother Bobby is shown again the black background which has becom the symbol of his beliefs and ideas. was obvious from the beginning whe the Kennedy administration stood this vital issue.

The story ends in Dallas. With M Kennedy's untimely death, a whole e is thwarted in its infancy. Here begi the legend of John F. Kennedy. M Schlesinger, while attempting to prese an objective judgment, allows hims to indulge somewhat in the process Mr. Kennedy's legacy. Yet, this is part of the story—and, in some respec cannot be separated from the man hi self.

The book is another in the series fine productions which have made M Schlesinger a Pulitzer prizewinni historian. He combines his unique lents of a keen eye for the importa and his abilities as a fine literary art to present a work of paramount imp tance. His goal is to produce a drama creation—one which will incorpor the facts and cultivate one's imaginati Unlike so much of the history that being written today, *A Thousand Da* is a readable edition. Its merit does n stand solely on the facts contained— its contents are woven into a constr tion that gives animation to the ent story. The book is a living testimony a close and beloved friend. Whil certain amount of bias naturally is p sent, it does not detract from the pow of the book. It should stand as a last contribution to a better understand of the Kennedy years—and also years which lie haead. ●

—*James E. Dor*

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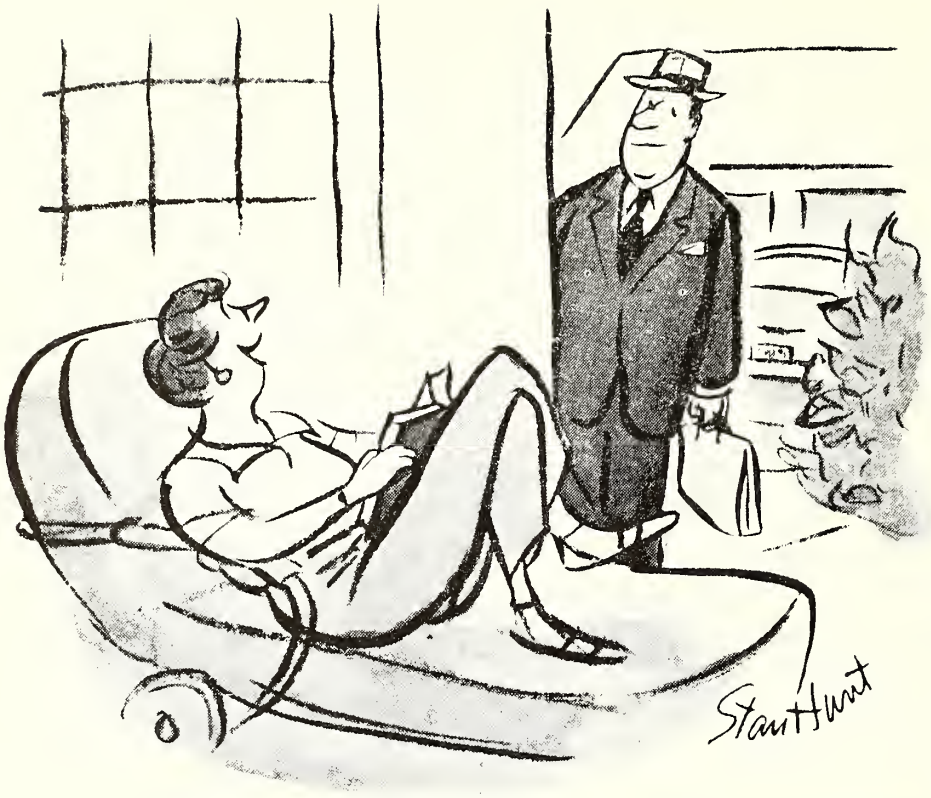

"Hello there, you old entrenched beneficiary of the status quo."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Leader of the pack

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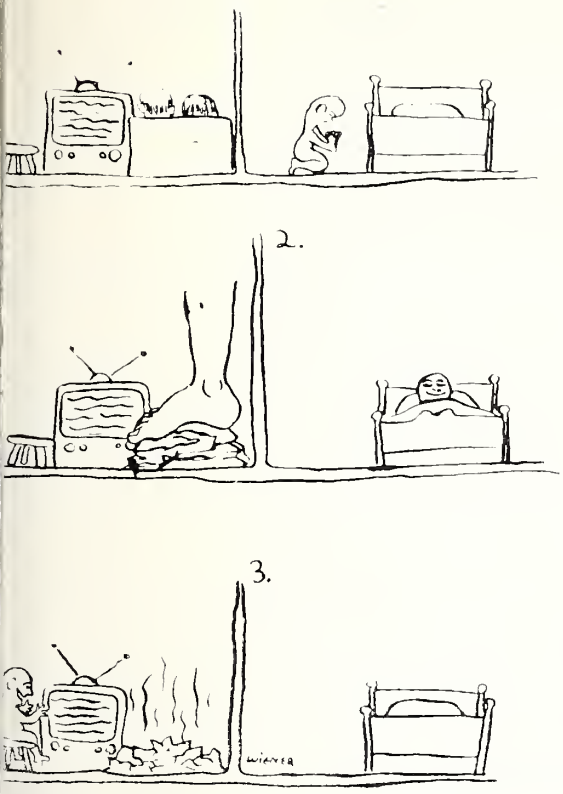

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". . . then as the eight tiny reindeer slowed down, he says to me, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'Charley, let's have a snort.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Editorial

Bits an' Pieces

Change is often a difficult process to bring about—especially when tradition is so deeply rooted behind you. It is this entrenchment of tradition which I hope to overcome in this issue of our magazine. For a number of years, THE JOURNAL has been the so-called "literary magazine" of our campus. Supposedly, it contains the creative outbursts of the more intellectual members of our community and represents a level of high achievement and regard.

There has been, however, a rather pedantic atmosphere surrounding the very mention of THE JOURNAL—a judgment, whether true or false, which has concerned me ever since I entered Wofford College. It is my contention that artistic creation (in the true sense of the word) need not be confined solely to the realm of the serious. Humor can also be a valid art form. In many cases, a light-hearted spoof through a cartoon or picture can be many times more effective than a long, detailed story. In this connection, I suppose that you could say I am in agreement with the ancient, somewhat hackneyed proverb that "One picture is worth a thousand words." As a result, you will find in this issue an increased quantity of photography and art work. The purpose of this is to add a certain amount of variety to the magazine and thus, hopefully, increase the overall appeal of THE JOURNAL. Do not be mistaken; we do not intend to transform the magazine into a sophisticated comic strip—for it will (and does) still contain a plentiful supply of prose, poetry and other representations of creative talent. Our purpose in this new undertaking is simply to make THE JOURNAL a better-balanced and more attractive magazine—and in the process, a more valuable addition to the college community. Our efforts may seem crude at first, but we will keep trying. We welcome your comments and criticisms as to how we have succeeded.

* * * *

In a recent issue of *Newsweek,* a depressing article appeared which evaluated the present dra situation in light of the war in Vietnam. The sectio which was most striking to me was the one th reported that some draft boards are now beginnir to look upon graduate school work as insufficie for a deferment. In their eyes, the bachelor's degr is enough. The article goes on to say that tho students in the fields of "engineering, chemistry ar math will naturally get consideration (for a defe ment) over those just taking things like English ar history." Statements such as these cause one wonder what sort of nation we have become. Wh do we consider valuable? In what direction are gradually turning? Granted this is a time of war but can we afford to reject an integral portion our national heritage for a cause such as Vietnam which is, at the most, a questionable issue in t minds of many Americans? Science and technolo do not embody the spirit of a nation. A cultu heritage is built upon the foundation of people a their creative ambitions. While we need to sta behind our Government in times of crisis, we m also keep in mind that we have a heritage based *individual* achievement and desire. Education can be stymied. Those people taking *just* humanities still important. Science, in all of its grandi achievements, cannot go beyond the spirit of m himself—nor beyond the dictates of Him who c ated us all. May we always exercise caution our judgments.

* * * *

Those of you who have had the distinct opp tunity of making your way through this issue our magazine—I congratulate you on a job v done. For those fortunate few who have cho to begin their journey *in finias res,* I have only wish: HAVE PLEASURE!

—JAMES E. DOR

INTAMINATIS FULGET HONORIBUS
A. D. 1854

The Journal

march 1966

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

olume 89 ● No. 3 | Spartanburg, South Carolina | March ● 1966

Editorial

It seems to be the consensus that he Journal will never be read by the ajority of the student body. We will t be discouraged. We do not intend make the magazine a student news- per or anything else that might be signed for mass appeal.

The magazine is for the contributing ists primarily. Secondly, for those o may be interested in what a limited v of the younger "struggling artists" the twentieth century are doing.

I think it should be noted (not at all way of an apology) that the people ose material we have printed are ex- imenting in art forms and with artis- techniques. Publication of these eriments, I believe, enables the artists view their work more objectively in lition to setting them apart as artists, reby perhaps enabling them to view ir work more seriously. Experimen- on is the thing that keeps art alive. erhaps the controversial last issue of e Journal may be said to have been h an experiment.)

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THE JOURNAL

Established 1889 | Volume 89, Number 3

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The Scalpel

That morning the pain got to be worse than it had been the night before and a lot worse than the night before that and he'd never had a pain before without a bruise or a cut and he didn't understand the pain but he knew that it was getting more than he could stand and maybe he'd die. Finally he decided he'd better ask somebody about it and that's when he walked all the way down the dirt road from his cabin on the mountain and then the mile along the highway to Dillard's Store.

He waited at the side of the wooden building until he caught Dillard junior's eye and had him go in and get Dillard. He was shy about talking about the pain in front of Dillard and the other white people because he didn't want to be called an ignorant savage and thought they might. He tried some water from

the spigot at the side of the store but it didn't help the pain any and bending over hurt but then Dillard came and talked to him a minute and carried him to the County hospital in the pickup.

He'd never been in the hospital before and it didn't smell right like the mountains or even the city but smelled like his own fear but he didn't know this.

They made him lie on a table for an hour or two with the pain bad almost all the time and then one of the men told him they were going to have to operate and he asked if that meant cutting and the man said yes.

The operating room was worse than the halls but it wasn't the smell this time but the operating lamp and all the instruments. He always thought they used a pocket knife or a butcher knife and he didn't know they made special knives to cut people with and would rather have had it with a pocket knife because he'd known a lot of pocket knives but this was the first scapel he'd seen and then it would know him better than all the pocket knives he'd known put together. He would have liked to have said something but now he really did feel ignorant but the sleep put this out and the pain.

After he woke up the pain came back though and lasted a long time but the doctor said it would stop and finally it did but not before he'd learned what it meant to have a body and have something go wrong with it and being stuck with it and it being fused to you as though you and it were all one piece by the pain.

After he got back up on the mountain he thought about being in the hospital a lot. He kept thinking about the scalpel and his pocket knife and his pocket knife wasn't the same anymore because he'd seen the scalpel and the doctors and the hospital and there weren't any pocket knives there and he felt more ignorant than ever.

Then his pa got bitten by a snake and he found him but wouldn't cut th bite with a pocket knife the way h pa had told him and wouldn't let an body else do it but dragged him dow the mountain and to Dillard's Store an got Dillard to drive his pa and hi to the hospital and wouldn't let Dilla

cut it either even though the bitten l got blue and swollen because he did have a scalpel.

After his pa had died and the doc had called him an ignorant savage not cutting open the bite sooner a after he had knocked all the instrume off of the doctor's little table grabb a scalpel and running out and all way up the mountain he sat in cabin cutting one arm with the scal and the other with the pocket k and every time the cuts looked alike he knew there must be someth special about the scalpel because h seen it there in the hospital.

He wanted to take it to the hosp then and try it there and maybe t he'd know what was special about scalpel but he didn't ever learn bec he didn't have the strength left bec of the cuts to get out of his yard so he stayed there looking at the sca and then the pocket knife until he not knowing. ●

—Bill Lance

Song of Leaving

Words and Music
Dennis Hupp

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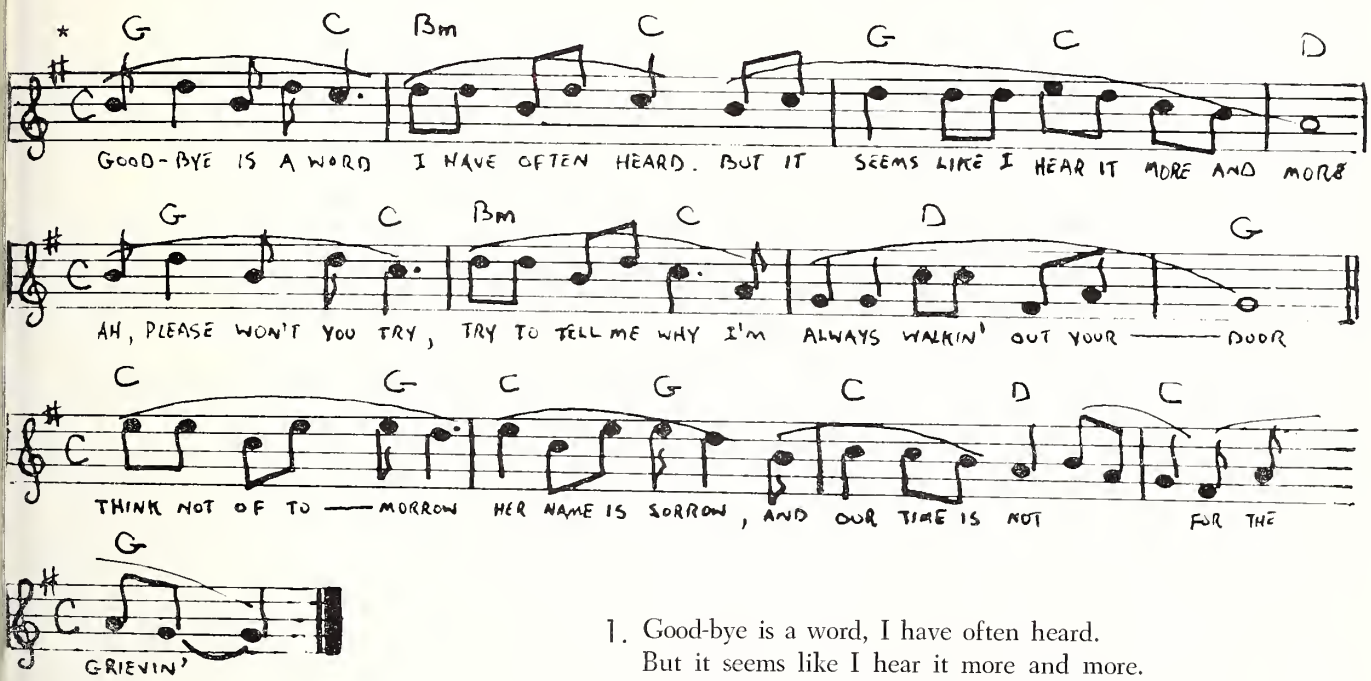


1. Good-bye is a word, I have often heard.
   But it seems like I hear it more and more.
   Ah, please won't you try, try to tell me why
   I'm always walkin' out your door.
   Think not of tomorrow. Her name is sorrow.
   And our time is not for the grievin'.

2. You ask me where I'm goin' to. There is no way of tellin' you.
   I pass through towns and never know their name.
   You know, it's funny when you're travelin', all your memories start unravelin'.
   And all them towns begin to look the same.
   Think not of tomorrow. Her name is sorrow.
   And our time is not for the grievin'.

3. So close your eyes. Wisdom is for the wise.
   And some things are better not to know.
   And at the break of day, won't you turn your head away
   So you won't have to watch me as I go.
   Think not of tomorrow. Her name is sorrow.
   And our time is not for the grievin'.

s you can see the above is noted in the key of G major, and as such, can be played on any instrument. However, I efer the guitar, tuning to an open G. Drop the first, fifth, and sixth strings one note, so that instead of standard ncert pitch, EADGBE, the strings sound DGDGBE. Simple variations of chords for the G-tuned five string banjo fit e accompaniment. For right-hand style, I would suggest either a Scruggs pick or a rapid Travis.

Today the sun has settled on snows,
Revealing a gray dust sprinkled on the white.
Somehow the factories never stop each winter night
It snows and stops and rains and goes.
The garbage sniffer shuffles twice
As crystals stab his feet and make him lose,
Within the worn-out bottoms of his shoes,
The smell locked inside the ice.
A thaw will leave us spring odors
Of pigeons buried in the park,
Decaying fish—and dogs that bark;
And drones of drowsy motors
Will break the silence of snow,
Making slush of silver puddles.
And we will laugh as the gray tramp huddles
Some spring morning for reasons he doesn't know.

—Harold Lawrence

VISITS *with* THE DEAD

I.

At first the wind died up and down.
Spring died, and dust sifted
Like fine flour when the wind lifted
A layer of dry ground.
And petals blew about the room
(Some choking in dust on the floor).
The tired cleaning woman tried to ignore
Ants crawling from the flower's womb.
Out on some neglected grave
A dog howled and scratched,
And a man below him, quite detached
And undisturbed, slept soundly in his cave.
Somewhere a baby cried
With mucused face and wet crib sheets,
And children came from an empty street
Wanting to know who died.

—Harold Lawrence

II.

Now It's God And Easter

God is dead, but I really could care ss. The fact of our dear departed eity's demise is now quite well known d accepted, but is not this fact in elf innocuous? Are not the causes of tle importance? Is not the *therefore* at with which we should be conrned?

The "God is dead" theology is a eath of fresh air which is allowing an to reach right into the heart of hristianity, a breath of fresh air hich is allowing, man to underind Christianity as he has never derstood it before. Man has for es struggled with the problem of eaning in life. He has wanted to ow just why he exists and where he going. Thousands of religions, philophical systems, and world views have en based on the assumption that some l meaning can be discovered. All these efforts have been geared toward ding some kind of answer which was ere somewhere and needed merely to discovered. Today, however, many

beginning to see that the proclamaon of Christianity includes the asnption that there is no such meaning. t that there is no meaning apart from God, but that there is no meaning at all. Christianity is based on the assumption that there is no answer to man's question. Once this is understood, faith is possible.

Evangelist Joe Mathews understands very well the nature of faith. He says that if Sam has faith in God because Mama says so, he has faith in Mama and not in God. If Sam has faith in God because Papa says so, he has faith in Papa and not in God. Similarly, if Sam has faith in God for this or that reason, his faith is not in God but in his reason.

This understanding has broader implications than are immediately apparent, however. If Sam has faith in God because he believes that there must be some real meaning somewhere or because God is the only real meaning he can envision, he really has no faith at all. This is not to say that his faith is shallow, but that he has no faith. Faith is not all of this nature. Sam has no faith not only because his so-called faith came into existence because of some reason (meaning he sees or intuitively knows must exist), although such a belief does prohibit faith. Sam does not have faith because this term can have real significance only in a meaningless world. If Sam has faith because of something he thinks or knows to be true, he does not really have faith; he is merely taking the next logical step after the discovery of some real meaning: the step of relating himself to it.

But faith in God is possible only in a meaningless world. A person who sees that no goal exists toward which he can move and that there is no possible means of escape from this circumstance, least of all in Christianity, is a person who is capable of faith.

Of course it may be objected that God, who is the object of this faith, is for the man of faith meaning, or at least a giver of meaning. This is a sound objection, but belief in God and faith in him are by no means the same thing; nor is the former a procondition for the latter. Indeed, belief precludes faith; belief and faith are mutually exclusive. (This is not a negative statement concerning belief, but a positive statement concerning faith.) If Sam believes that God is meaning or that he grants it, the best he can do is to relate himself to this meaning he sees and as long as he holds to the idea that meaning does exist faith will not be possible for him. Anything which Sam has a good or even a bad reason for is not faith.

God is not meaning, nor is it his job to dispense it. To think of him in such a way is to make him into a category. God is not the ultimate meaning; he is not the highest of all meanings. God and meaning are completely unrelated. *God is God.* ●

—*Bruce Bauknight*

Freezing rain falls,
and slum houses
huddle together
like cold, wet dogs.

It is a picture
(in shades of gray
with coal ashes
here and there,
a chinaberry tree
in its ugly nakedness,
and a daffodil
in bloom)
suitable for framing

—J. GRIGSBY

Jim Dorsey

And

The Wofford College Administration

The administration of Wofford College kicked Jim Dorsey out of school because he published a cartoon, a set of pictures, and perhaps some other things in the last issue of THE JOURNAL which the administration considered "vulgar, obscene, and salacious." Why was Jim Dorsey kicked out of school? And why does our publications code forbid the publishing of material which is "vulgar, obscene, and salacious"?

The answer isn't a simple one. It can't be because the administration doesn't want us to read such material. It is taught in our classrooms and sold in our bookstore. Chaucer's "Miller's Tale" and "Reeve's Tale" are as "vulgar, obscene, and salacious" as anything in the last issue of THE JOURNAL. And what about Shakespeare's *Titus Andronias,* Joyce's *Ulysses,* Euripides' *Cyclops,* and even parts of the Bible. All of these things could be considered "vulgar, obscene, and salacious."

The real reason, or so it seems to me, lies in the way of life most of our society has chosen to follow. This way of life, I think, is not Christian but Homeric, and more specifically, Odyssean. Our society tries to achieve the same goals which Odysseus tried to achieve, and in the same manner. People in our society want to protect their lives, their homes, and to become a part of the aristocracy, the leaders. (Today we call this desire for aristocracy "status.") The use of force and of trickery or dishonesty is acceptable as long as it accomplishes the desired goal. This should be obvious, for look at our concept of a "shrewd businessman." The used car dealer provides a good example for most of you who have bought used cars. Most dealers aren't above trickery to sell shoddy products. And there are politicians who say one thing when running for the U. S. Senate from a certain state, then say quite another when running for President of the United States.

They want the job not in order to practice a new or better political philosophy, but rather to attain a position of leadership, to be an aristocrat. And like Odysseus, they are willing to run risks and assume enormous responsibilities in order to become one of the elite who hold power. They do this not because they feel themselves to be better qualified than anyone else to do the job; nor do they feel that at least as good a man could be found, but rather they have the desire for fame or glory or "i spectability" (call it anything you lik it's really all the same) which entic them toward positions of importanc Anyone who stands in their way either defeated or removed.

This is true not only of politicia but of industrialists, labor leaders, st dents, college administrators, and ju about everybody else in America. least the vast majority. I do not see t administration of Wofford College an exception. Jim Dorsey, in publishi one cartoon in the last issue of T JOURNAL, threatened not only t "image" of Wofford, but also the wh environment of the school. The thr to the "image" is obvious; the carto might shock some influential peop The cartoon does represent a part of true nature of Wofford since I kn a number of students who have, various occasions, expressed the sa opinion as that expressed in the carto This concern with "image" or reputat as opposed to the true nature or ch acter is Odyssean rather than a Christ concern. Christ was not worried ab his public image, although Odyss surely was. (This should be obvious anyone who has read the New Te ment and *The Odyssey.)*

There is more to it than just "image," however. That whole issue THE JOURNAL was, as Jim Dorsey s an attempt to change a tradition, change the environment of the colle

his administration did not produce
e environment, but it does live in it.
students start expressing their opin-
ns in public in a manner which
uses everyone to stop and consider the
tuation (which the cartoon about the
feteria did), then new ideas may take
ld. The students may (or at least a
rge group may) unite and actively op-
se the policies of the present admin-
ration. The result could be that the
lministrators would lose their posi-
ns as aristocrats. I think Jim Dorsey
fered a similar threat to the admin-
rators that the suitors offered to Odys-
us. He threatened their kingdom.
nd the administration removed Jim
orsey just as Odysseus removed the
itors.

Here I should like to point out that
am not saying that the administration
using its Christian philosophy as a
nt. I doubt this is the case. I think
ther, from discussions with members
the administration, that they do not
e any conflict between their action
d their Christian ethic. I am of the
inion that such a conflict does exist;
at there is a double standard, and that
e administration can only *try* to
tionalize it away. In other words, I
ink the administration is blind to it-
f, and that this situation extends to
e vast majority of so-called Christians.

And now a word to the faculty mem-
rs who drew up the essay on the
nor Code. Don't expect it to work.
nesty went out with the Renaissance
d isn't likely to come back in for at
st a hundred years. Christianity may
ver recover.

AFTERWORD

The preceding article is an attempt
examine a concrete situation, and to
sent what seems to me to be the
st reasonable conclusions which can
drawn from such an examination.
is only a theory and, I must admit,
an unbiased one since I find it
possible to write on this subject with-
bias. I am attempting to make no
ue judgements, but rather to state a
tain situation as I see it. ●

—Jerry Wall

light rain
light rain
fallin on
my
face
again
fallin
where I
try to
see
fallin
where I
used
to be
light rain
cleanin
dirty
air
fallin
in
her
yellow
hair

---Jack Sprott

—George Wrigley

ON THE YOUNG MEN ADMIRING THEMSELVES IN THE WATER

'he sockless enervate Olympians
arade before casteless humanity.
eacocks, resplendent in surplus field jackets
onsiderably worn and grimy saddle oxfords,
lpaca with run stitches, costly badges,
nd shirts in varying stages of decay,
xchange their mutual obeisance.
'he union of Pseudo-Intellectuals
'odunk College Local 418)
'ipe the hair out of their eyes and run
'heir inky hands along their new white levis.
Eugene O'Neill outdistanced Thomas Wolfe—
is mind was Greek, his ideas objective."
Which of us has known his brother?)
onverging on the dining-hall at lunch
'hey cloister themselves apart, enjoying
The opiate of multiplicity."

'By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .")

—RUSTY McCREDIE

ODE TO MISS KINDHEARTED

Odi et amo: quare id faciam, fortasse requiris nescio,
sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

—Catullus

Miss Kindhearted spoke in church
About her years of service in far away India.
She wore native **accoutrement,**
Babbled the native tongue,
And told how she carried Jesus
To the poor lost souls living there.
"I don't know anything about their religion,
But we have Jesus, and they don't."

Where ever I walk,
I feel the balm of sweet words
Floating on clouds of coal smoke
And often wonder where rats find food
To eat
And how men have venery
With the Miss Kindhearteds.

—J. GRIGSBY

The Role Of The Modern Jazz Drummer

Perhaps in every drummer's life there are times when he is asked "How do you know when to use this particular drum instead of that cymbal?" or a similar question, and usually he feels rather awkward and somewhat embarrassed because there is no ready answer to be given. In the earliest stages of jazz when the drummer was often a member of a marching band which supplied funeral music the most significant contribution he made was to supply "the beat." By doing so he offered a skeletal framework around which the horn players built melodies.

However, in modern jazz the drummer has a more creative role than did his predecessor, although the purpose of this role is not unsimilar to that of the early drummer. Today the beat still exists, although it has been modified and is more subtly defined by the whole rhythm section. The string bass has taken on much of the role of supplying the underlying pulse, and the bassist and drummer must establish a rapport in order to play successfully together.

Today's jazz drummer has at his command a combination of a snare drum, a base drum (or two), and any number of tom-toms and cymbals according to his tastes and needs. With such a set of drums it is possible to create an unlimited number of effects. Joe Morello, a contemporary jazz drummer, suggests that the drummer's role is to make the other members of the group play better. The drummer can actually suggest ideas to other musicians through his playing if they are receptive, and many musicians probably underestimate the effect a drummer can have on their playing.

Frankie Dunlop, a young drummer who recently left Thelonius Monk's group, is an excellent example of one who plays creatively and with much taste. The concept of "taste" is an abstraction for the use of musical instinct, awareness, the ability to listen to other musicians and to project oneself into the composition without infringing upon others' freedom of expression.

Perhaps the most essential characteristic of jazz is that the musician can participate in the act of creating as muc as or more than the composer. The essential difference i the role of the contemporary jazz drummer and that of th earliest jazz drummer is that the drummer of today play a more active part in the creating process of the group.

—*JP*

The Value Of Music

Classical music is the medicine to which no one allergic. The remedy for tired minds and the food for aler creative individuals, good music remains somewhat isolate from the popular arts, primarily because it is practicall undiscovered by the average man. He thwarts music's ple to enlighten his mind and soul, saying, "None of tha highbrow stuff for me," or "I just don't like it," while ac mitting to himself that he is almost afraid that he migh not be capable of understanding music. In his view takes an "odd duck" or someone he does not desire t resemble to extract any benefits from this "lost art." Th absurdity of the relationship between the layman and th world of music evidences a lack of emotional sensitivit which man must overcome before he can begin to unde stand himself, his environment, or his Creator. For he in music, this highest level of the arts, is found the inte national language and the common ground whereupo enemies and brothers and the dead and the living speak each other with their hearts rather than their lashi tongues. Here is man's own creation; he took the seed ar raised it from the earthly to the divine; but only a fe now nurture the tree which bears such golden fruit.

Full appreciation of music takes, of course, years extensive training and patient study, much of which i volves history, composing, and theory, that definitely a related to music itself but do not concern the actual soun body, and, most importantly, the melody which strike t ear of the listener. Very little technical training, the is required to receive the real essence and message th music offers. The ability to identify specific instrume as they are heard in symphonies, to know the structure

concerto, or to recite the elements and the outstanding mposers of the baroque or romantic classics is not a erequisite; instead, this comes in time *after* the essential terest in listening has been established. This is, in short, e beauty of great music; it can speak to the ignorant, the ıateur, and the intellectual; what it has to say is merely function of the listener's sensuousness and his motivation interpret this international language into his own dialect.

The novice can most conveniently begin his study by amining several of the most outstanding works from any ı of the past. Generally the most well-known works are ose that have an easily comprehensible emotional appeal d that are unobtrusive even when played over and over ain. Perhaps a Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto or the haikowsky Violin Concerto, Shubert's "Unfinished" Symony, and a couple of Beethoven sonatas or Chopin studes a good starting place. Whatever the composition, hower, the important thing at first is just to listen. The true lue of the music comes through when the listener decides ıt it means something to him alone. All other factors are ondary. The more curious individual will want eventuy to expand his tastes to include some work from the cient through the modern; he will undoubtedly desire to ow the composers and the elements and the history of ısic, as well as a little about significant performing arts and their instruments. In any case, however, he must st learn to extract some personal meaning and joy from ısic, and this is the easiest part of the process.

Music can play a great role in the renaissance of the lividual man when he realizes that it is not some separate stract quality but, instead, a part of him and something l and natural. Providing a place of release and expression, ısic is the haven of offbeats and conformists alike. Its ersity of character and wide range of appeal make it neeting ground where all people can share and converse. ck of understanding of it is a barrier which a man ıst overcome to avoid being intellectually and socially of, and it is a barrier which can so easily be crossed. ●

—*John Galt*

On Prokofiev

Today when many people think of "modern music" or a composer with a Russian name such as Prokofiev, they associate the melody and beauty of music with that of an orchestra tuning before a concert. The discriminating few who have heard the modern music of Serge Prokofiev know this is not true. Prokofiev was one of the few composers to be popular with the public and admired by musicians.

Prokofiev was one of the most versatile modern composers, being interested more in the stage and screen than in symphony. His music is more colorful and emotional than much of the abstract philosophical music produced by his contemporaries. Some Russian critics said his music possessed a wholesome "football" quality because of its vivid mocking gestures. It was a perfect revolt against romanticism.

Prokofiev's first symphony was actually a piece of classical music. He consciously composed this symphony after the classical style of Haydn. It was planned to show how Haydn would have composed if he had lived in the nineteenth century. This symphony was important as the first step in the 26-year-old composer's career.

The Russian nationality of Prokofiev is reflected in much of his work, particularly his five piano concertos. His second Violin Concert is definitely Russian in character and is a masterpiece.

Among the lighter music of this Russian genius, we find "Peter and the Wolf," a symphonic fairytale designed to give a lesson in instrumentation. He composed the music for the opera "War and Peace," which appeared on television in 1957 in the United States. He was composer of several motion picture soundtracks.

Prokofiev always hated imitation and worn-out methods. The brilliance of his originality gave him the rank of one of the top composers of the twentieth century. ●

—*Rick Sheppard*

The Christian

I had known her since she came to town seven months ago. She stepped off the train with a tattered bent-up suitcase, the old cardboard kind like kids take to summer camp and cover with red and yellow decals of places they have never seen. She also had a brown paper bag, probably containing a couple of stale ham sandwiches with mayonnaise and mustard and their odors. The bag was wrinkled like the skin of a raisin, as if it had been balled up for a week. It reminded me of the old women one sees dragging up and down Main Street. They are always wrinkled and bent and carry wrinkled and bent brown paper bags. I always wonder what they have in them.

I was at the station to pick up a case of pamphlets. Since my church was small I had to do all the running around myself. Being a new minister and still ambitious, I didn't mind. It felt good to get out of the office and look like an average person. I seem to invoke some sort of fear on everyone who comes into my office. When I'm out here on the street I'm not treated like a sacred cow. I'm only human.

I got the pamphlets loaded and was about to leave when I noticed her stepping down from the coach. She wasn't really pretty but her plainness emanated something that caught my attention. Like all plain, poor girls her hair was dark dirty blond. She wore one of those cotton print dresses which just hang. It hung rather straight and was pulled to her slender waist with a thin brown leather belt. At first notice it accomplished only the covering of her body. I don't remember the color. It as probably green. She reminded me of one of those refugees I used to see in the newsreels at the movies. I always hated those refugees because they were so plain. But her plainness wasn't exactly that type.

She looked confused; not really confused, just lost. I thought perhaps I could help her. I offered her a ride. She gave me the address of a girl friend she was coming to live with. On the way I told her about my church and invited her to attend. I asked her how she had come to this city. Her mother had died of pneumonia that winter in their unheated house. She was just a child. She needed to get off to a good start.

She was beginning to confide in me when we reached her friend's house. Her life had been full of troubles. She had the burden of caring for her sister and two brothers. When her unmarried sister had a baby she had been forced to come here to find a better job.

Her friend, who worked in a nearby mill, wouldn't be home for several hours. I went in to continue our talk. She was really a sincere girl, not at all like most. I had to help her. I knew she needed money. I slipped her a ten dollar bill. Justifying myself, I told her it wasn't charity and she could pay me back when she was able. Tears clouded her eyes and she squeezed my hand. I looked at her, she didn't seem so plain now, and I told her everything would be all right. As we walked back into the living room tears clouded her eyes and she squeezed my hand. ●

—*Rick Sheppard*

The Eternal City

Tomb!
Your walls stifle you,
Confine you,
Hold you fast to clothing mills
Grinding, producing, becoming your face.

LEADER: *Oh giant metropolitan cop*
CHORUS: *Keep the city.*
LEADER: *Oh black jacketed black denimed slave*
CHORUS: *Maintain the state.*
LEADER: *Oh pink and yellow-bosomed bar-maid*
CHORUS: *Comfort us in our beer and whoring nights.*
LEADER: *Oh reverent father*
CHORUS: *Frighten thy children straight from hell.*
ALL: *Glory Glory Glory Glory Glory Glory.*

A brown-toothed face grins
with half-closed eyes
He sits and stares, watches
The glaring sun
And ceiling fan
twisting stale breath over empty cans and people.

Wat'tya gonna do w' Mr. Locke when he comes?
Beat his brains out
On the floor
That's what.

—A. H. B.

The Essence of Life

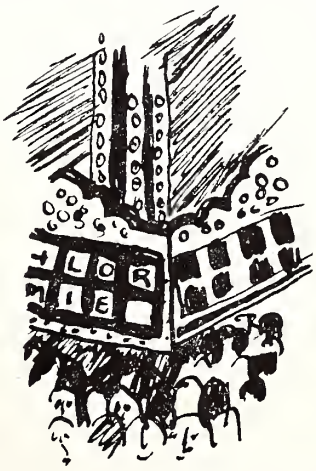
Seventy passengers climbed aboard the sleek, new, Boeing 707 that, in a moment, was to wisk them to London in only six hours. Most of the passengers were tourists starting a world-wide tour. There were also some residents of England on their way back to their homes after a visit to the U. S. Among the passengers there were several children and honeymooners as well as a few students from high schools intending to be exchange students for the coming year.

The pilots, both in their late thirties or early forties, climbed aboard the aircraft last and quietly seated themselves in the cockpit. After several minutes, each powerful engine was started and, shortly thereafter, the huge plane began to move slowly down the runway at Kennedy National Airport. Soon the silver plane was climbing for altitude over the Atlantic. As of yet, no one had spoken to another, but the captain soon came over the intercom and introduced himself and gave the passengers the usual talk about the flight itself:

"May I have your attention please? This is the captain speaking. I would personally like to welcome you aboard flight 556. We will be cruising at 30, 000 feet and at a speed of approximately 670 miles per hour. If all goes according to schedule, we should arrive in London in about six hours and twenty minutes—we will have a slight head-wind. If you like you may now watch the movie, read, listen to the radio, or converse over drinks in the lounge in the rear of the aircraft. Thank you, if you need any further help, the stewardesses will gladly assist you."

This little talk from the pilot seemed to ease the minds of the passengers. The three newly-wedded couples attracted some attention from some of the other passengers and likewise became the topic of most conversations. One rather old couple sitting across from one of the newly-married couples leaned over and, as if trying to see themselves in their new neighbors, asked how long they had been married and where they were off to on their honeymoon.

"Please excuse me, but my husband and I have been watching you and we've come to the obvious conclusion



that you two must be newlyweds."

The young couple returned their friends' politeness with a warm smile not only to them but also to each other before the young wife spoke:

"I didn't think we could fool anybody. Yes madam, we are newlyweds—we were just married yesterday evening."

At this moment, the young man reached across the aisle for the older man's hand and introduced his wife and himself:

"It's nice of you to be so kind, I am —excuse me—we are Mr. and Mrs. Burt L. Williams. You may call me Burt if you like and—" before he could finish, his wife cut in:

"And you may call me Susan." As she introduced herself, she reached for the hand of the older woman and, finding it, squeezed it briefly while the older couple introduced themselves:

"It's so nice to know you, we're Mr. and Mrs. Jeff C. Scott. You may call me Marge and—" conforming to the situation, Mr. Scott put in his two cents' worth:

"You just call me Jeff," he said with a big smile, "Marge and I have been married for 35 years but I want you to know that she still doesn't think I can talk for myself."

Both couples had a friendly laugh over this cute remark of Mr. Scott's.

"Well," said Mrs. Scott, "where are you two headed for your honeymoon?"

"Oh," said Susan, smiling at her husband and clutching his hand, "first we're going to London, then Paris, Rome, Venice, and then back to the States. We'll have four glorious weeks to ourselves. Where are you and Mr. —I mean Jeff going—a second honeymoon perhaps?"

After a moment's hesitation, Marge continued:

"Well," she began as she seemed to look for her husband's approval, "well, sort of, you see our oldest son is in the army and is stationed in London. He has just had his third child and we wanted to introduce ourselves to our newest grandson."

Both Susan and Burt spoke up and congratulated them on the news on their grandson. Then, rather jokingly, Burt said:

"Who knows, in twenty years, maybe Susan and I will be making this same flight again for your reasons."

Playfully, Susan elbowed her husband and remarked:

"Oh hush you old—," she found herself at a loss for words and broke up in laughter after staring at her husband for a few brief moments.

It was time for lunch and the stewardess brought out trays of food for everyone. Toward the back of the plane, a little boy and his older sister were having a slight argument over who was to get their mother's dessert.

"I claimed it first," cried the little boy who wore a cowboy suit.

"You did not." insisted the little boy's sister as she continued her pleading: "I'm older than you are anyway—little boys aren't supposed to eat lots of sweets, are they Mother?"

The little boy, believing that his sister's last statement had just won the extra dessert began wailing and, despite his mother's efforts to calm him, continued to wail bitterly until the stewardess, after sizing up the situation, brought the little boy another dessert. After both the little boy and girl had finished their desserts, the boy continued to pursue the situation by making the remark that even if the stewardess had not brought him the extra dessert, he would have been given his mother's dessert, because he *did* claim it first. This last remark of the boy eventually led to another argument with his sister and again pandemonium broke loose in the rear of the plane. Fortunately, the mother of the two was able to quiet them this time by reminding them that they were on their way to London where they were to see their father for the first time in almost one and a half years.

In the middle of the plane two men with dark suits sat side by side each other hardly speaking. The man on the aisle seat seemed to make more movements than the one next to the window.

"You got a light?" asked the man on the aisle to his companion.

"Yea, I got one somewhere." said the other man.

The man next to the window reached into his pocket and then, with his hand half way into his pocket said:

"Boy, these things sure are murder—hey, don't you get it—murder?—pretty good huh?"

When the man pulled his hand out of his pocket and raised his hand to light his comrade's cigarette, a slight glimmer of silver was revealed between the two men's wrists. Shortly after this incident, the little boy from the rear of the plane went dashing up the aisle with cap pistols flaring. Stopping behind the dark-suited man on the aisle, the young cowboy blarred out:

"Stick 'em up!"

The man sitting next to the window roared out with laughter and blissfully remarked, "Ah, he caught you off guard, huh governor?"

The other man smiled at the little boy and sent him back to his mother. He then, mildly, said to his companion, "Knock it off Riley, he's only a kid."

"Sure, governor, anything you say is all rot with me," returned the other.

Down the aisle on the opposite side from these two characters, there sat a middle-aged couple. After the husband returned to their seat from getting himself a drink, he sighed and then asked his wife:

FOUR IMAGES

April is sighted
At sea in a fog.
And passes from view.

A rosebush
Thorns remain
Though flowers bloom and wither.

The cherry orchard is blighted;
Yet a tree bloomed at the center.

Yesterday, a fawn in this glen.
Today it's gone.
Did I frighten it?

---Jerry Wall

"Is there anything I can get you dear?"

"Well, it's awfully nice of you to ask me if I need anything now that you're back!" she exclaimed.

In a distinct, calm voice, her husband answered her:

"Well, Gloria, it might as well be said again, it wasn't my idea to get a divorce."

"Oh Herbert, you ignorant dope, what do you expect me to do when

I find you out with another woman? Surely you don't expect me to forget it! After all, while I'm home bored to death, I shouldn't have to wonder what you're doing for entertainment. Really Herbert!"

"Now Gloria dear, let's don't go into that again. After all I am trying to save our marriage by taking you on a second honeymoon, aren't I?"

"Good Grief!" said Gloria, "I swear Herbert you don't have the sense of a mule. And you think I came along on the pretense of going on a second honeymoon! Ha-ha, Herby old boy, don't make me die of laughter. I came along knowing that if I didn't you'd only get your cute little secretary to go along with you. I'm merely your chaperone—*dear!*"

With that last remark, Herbert only continued to read over the touring pamphlet that he had found in his inside coat pocket during his wife's lecture.

* * *

The Boeing 707 was over the halfway mark between New York and London. Everyone on the plane was either watching the movie, reading, listening to the radio, or talking among themselves. All was perfectly normal. Susan and Burt as well as Marge and Jeff were enjoying the view of the blue Atlantic. The little boy and girl in the rear of the plane, once engaged in argument, were now sound asleep against their mother's shoulders. The two dark-suited men in the middle of the plane were still very quiet. The middle-aged couple, Gloria and Herbert, were not speaking to each other anymore and Herbert was constantly refilling his glass with a Scotch and Soda, leaving his wife to do for herself. Suddenly, without warning, there was a terrific explosion near the front of the aircraft. The huge plane's right wing, or what used to be its right wing, now resembled a crumpled beer can. Screams filled the cabin as the pilots tried desperately to regain control of the crippled aircraft as it spun toward the blue Atlantic. The young people, Susan and Burt, were probably the most frightened of all. As Burt tried to comfort his young wife, both saw their future, not really started yet, close before them and dive headlong into the blue Atlantic. Here were a young man and woman who had worked their way through college for a future that was never to come. They had never committed any major sins, nor had they ever taken their good fortunes for granted. They were Christians and they had always been more than willing to help those less fortunate than they. They simply were not destined to die of old age. They prayed for help. The older couple was not frightened, not for themselves anyway. They were only frightened for their son, his wife, and their children whom they visioned in Susan and Burt. They were dying in their old age. They thanked God for His many blessings upon them. The mother in the rear of the plane was frightened for her children who were about to die with her. She also feared for her husband would now be a man without a cause for living. She prayed that her husband would be comforted and thanked the Lord for letting her children die at an age when they did not know either the true meaning of life or death. The policeman in the middle of the plane was being laughed at by his prisoner because he was faced with an unplanned date with death. The policeman, accustomed to justice, wondered if he had really been enforcing law and order throughout his career. He, in his final seconds of life, pondered about this because some eighty persons, mostly good people, were about to die. The prisoner only shrugged off his violent death to-come and thought no more of it. The middle-aged couple finally saw their faults and wished for a second chance. They prayed for forgiveness.

Within a matter of minutes, the plane finally reached its death-haven. Fortunately, the navigator, before the crash, was able to give a fairly decent estimate of his plane's position. A search was therefore started at once for suvivors.

The day following the crash was a beautiful, clear day. Helicoptors were scanning the horizon of the blue Atlantic for possible survivors. As of yet none had been or were expected to be found. ●

—Brian Cooper

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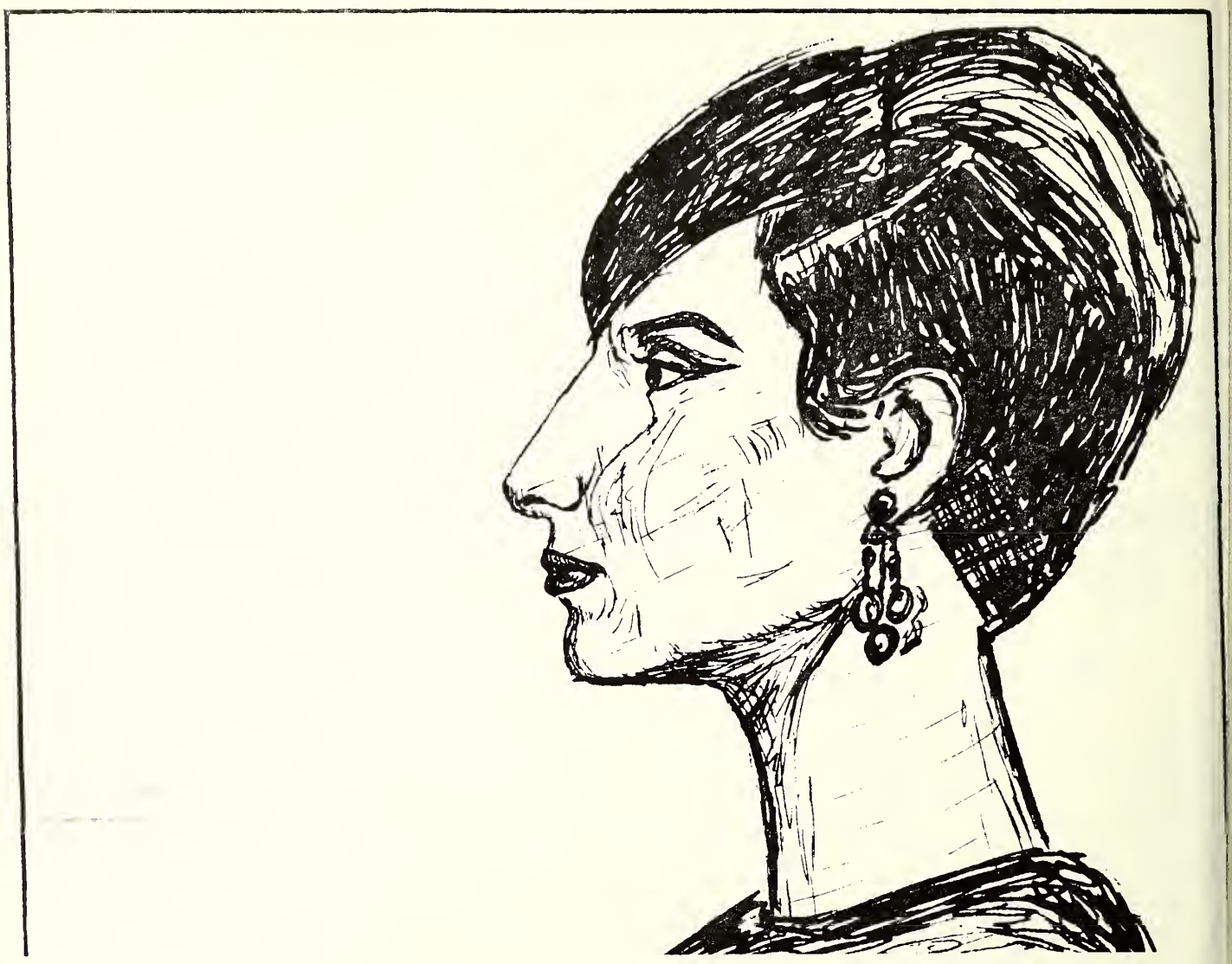

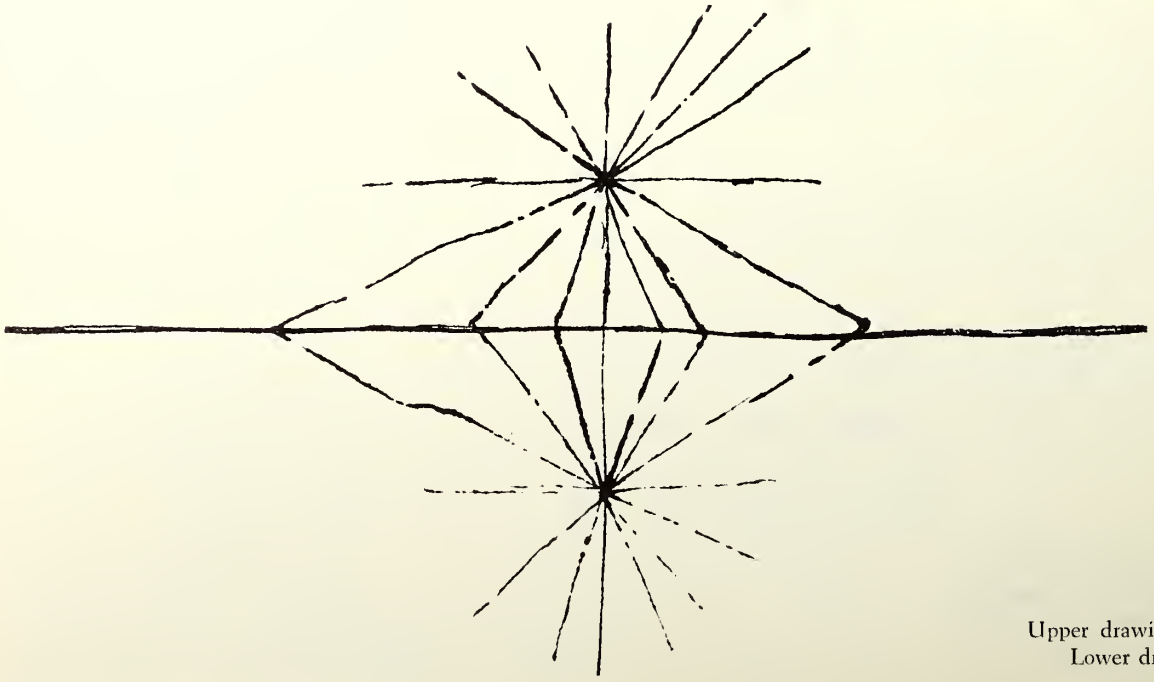

Upper drawing is by Freeman Gunte
Lower drawing is by Buck Preston

DRY SEPTEMBER

Dry September
When Gerald ran fighting into the sun
And Jenny (with five kids next door)
saw the laundromat turn gray.
Was it Berlin
Was it London
When darkness covered the face of the earth?

Jenny sung dream songs.
And Gerald fought the month through.

September is the time for unfinished faces.
September is the time for romantic phrases.

Jenny sung:
"I ask for light
And there is day.
I ask for more than day
And there is night."

Who made September come?
What callous finger pointed it here?
It is the calling of weary sufferers
weary.
And darkness we invent to save the night.

—Al Bonnoit

Advice of an old lecher to
a young profligate, upon
returning from a nearby
academy for ladies . . .

Cursed are we when love is styled
For virgin Eve, the womanchild.
Her time is bought by idle song,
Yet for the pleasures which we long?
Ah, turn your mind and heart away;
With lily briar shall not lay.
She'll drink with you of wine to Spring,
But if of passions fine you sing,
She will not hear; she cannot, friend.
Our practiced means are to no end.
In her own Eden naught's amiss.
Her laughter mutes the serpent's hiss.

—DENNIS HUPP

Young Theologs and the War In Viet Nam

* * *

This poem is printed by permission of John P. Callahan, editor of *Revelation*, a publication of Duke Theological Seminary. The poem appeared in Vol. IX, February 11, 1966.

Swamps. Mountains. Night.
Men kill. Men die.
Amerieans, Australians, Koreans, Vietnamese, even Chines

Classrooms. Chapel. Books.
The world of thought. Professors; students.
Arguments rage. Papers are written. Papers upon papers.

Durham: Da Nang. York Chapel: Ya Drang.
Soteriology: Saigon.
Eruditio et Religio: Dien Bien Phu.

Some of us oppose the war. Others don't.
It makes no differenee. We're IV-D.
We aren't involved. We're safe.

Somebody else ean be drafted.
He might kill. He might be killed.

We've got papers to write. We're IV-d.

—John P. Callaha

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"So right after orientation I came to the village. Why are you here?"

There will be a first-place prize of fifteen dollars, a second of ten dollars, and a third of five dollars for the best short story appearing in The Journal for the school year 1965-'66. The prizes are awarded by Mr. Richard F. Cecil in connection with the W. L. Pugh short story contest.

The wind returns
Dead leaves swept off the porch.
The winter seems to have no end.

—BUCK PRESTON

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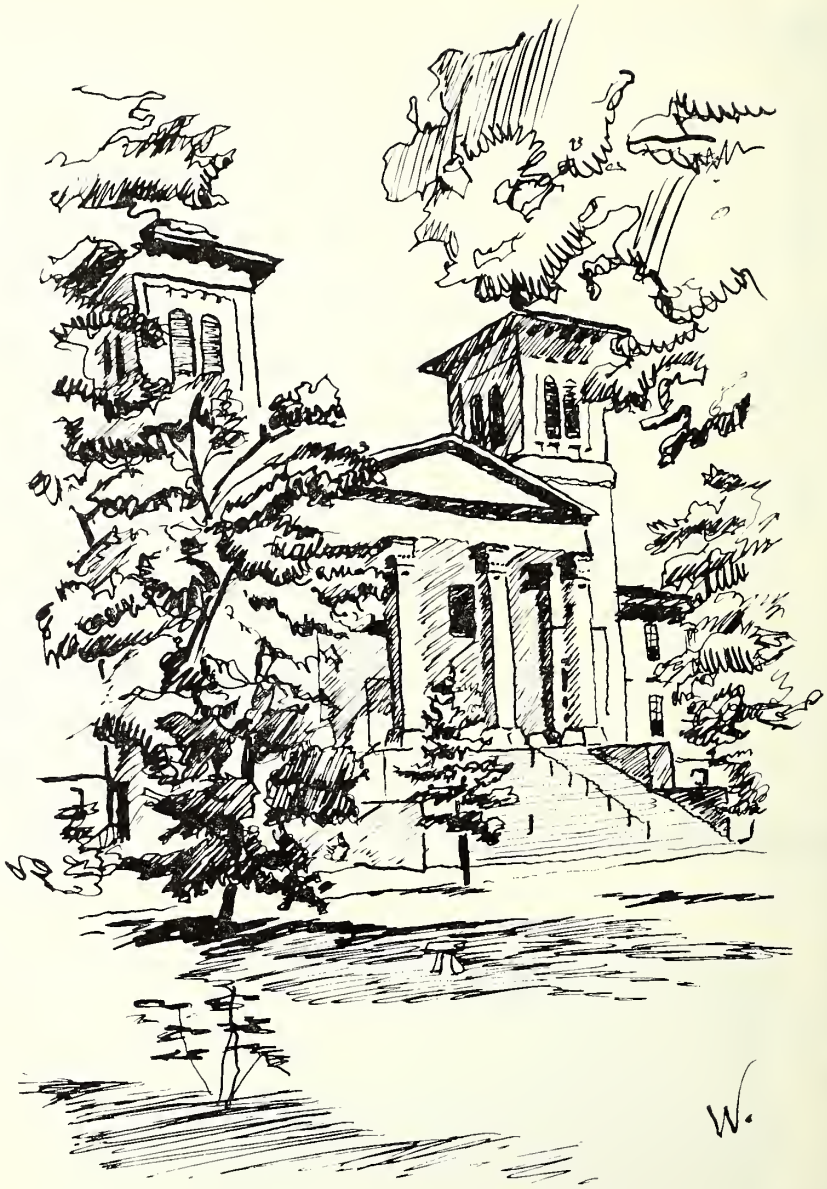

Find one beer can, three preministerial students, one professor, a dempster dumpster, a poet, and a censoring committee in this picture.

For The Students

Burger Chef

Home Of The

''BIG SHEF''

— By —

Pinewood Shopping Center

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Spartanburg - Gaffney - Greer

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OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME 89 ● No. 4 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA MAY ● 1966

Editorial

THE JOURNAL staff for second semester has in two issues been through the cycle. We started as an optimistic group, filled with literary ideals, and other absurd delusions of grandeur. We believed we could publish the best material on campus and in so doing would come up with top publications. We believed the freshman class held some potential, perhaps more than the others combined. We believed a mutual effort would help the class (or those members who expressed an interest in doing something with art), and the magazine. We believed a few upper classmen could write, draw, or something, and that all of these people could come out in the one thing on campus that posters art, THE JOURNAL. No.

We found, perhaps the same thing that Jim Dorsey found, that you have to destroy to rebuild. We didn't even know that we had to rebuild. You do. Before anything else, we have to destroy the abstract world which confines us

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The last calling of a distant wind
Swept beneath a flying freight
And cast into dead vines, on a hill.
Below, the sound of children playing
Among unpainted shacks
Surrounded by the smell of burnt fuel oil.
And an old one sits by the stove,
rocking, waiting.
Warm, moist winds will come,
Conceiving this naked life.
As the drone of the blackened freight fades
The flower of the wild vine returns.

—Kent Bishop
Third Place,
Helmus Poetry Contest

The Rite Of Spring

I.

(1)

Night's hesitantcy expires into dawn's birt
Rosy fingers stretching from a bloody paln
Dismembered tatters drift vainly
Caught by the piercing sun.

(2)

Dew covered lilacs unfold
As young girls begin to blink
Receiving the first young rays
With innocent pleasure.

(3)

On a moss-covered trunk
A sole leaf dangles,
As a dry bone rattles
in Juliet's tomb.

—Kent Bishop
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Cont

II.

Margaret

They were in love. Or at least he was in love, or thought he was but wasn't sure. He would have been sure he was in love if he had ever learned that love is as common a thing as hate and there's nothing singular about love even if the movies and the books and preachers and parents say so and you can love as many people as you can hate and you can hate one person a great deal more than you hate the others and love one person a great deal more than you love the others and love is just like hate at least in this way. He would have been sure he was in love if he had known that love isn't all a bed of roses but a lot of torment too because he had the torment but this only made him wonder about the love.

The torment came in the fear of losing her and then frustration at not understanding her and knowing that he never would understand her or anybody else, not fully and maybe not at all, and from not understanding her not being able to control her or even talk to her but standing in awe of her and that's where the love was.

Torment not only from the love but from the other girl, the love before this one. Not as great a love as this one but love still and not wanting to write her and tell her about the new love but having to anyway because there's something that won't let you show love for two girls at once and then writing the letter knowing that life is taking you only toward death and that it doesn't matter whether it comes sooner or later until you get love and then it does matter whether it comes sooner or later than the one you love because it's better to die than be left without the love and so you try to make things better for her, and if she dies first if you're lucky you can die too or find someone else to love if you can forget.

Knowing this and then dying on her or not really dying but worse—leaving—and knowing that she might have to choose death if she can't find someone else and forget. Margaret.

The torment and the frustration and the worry that after a few days can carry you down to meet the unfathomable sadness. The sadness that no one talks about but respects as though it were a black but at least knowable deity whose name you do not say out of awe. A deity you find in yourself but which you know is outside of you too—out there lurking not even in matter or space and not really lurking but there, and you know it's in other people too from the look in their eyes sometimes and their not talking about it but struck dumb with the awe of just seeing it and knowing you cannot kill it and that your touching and scraping it doesn't take anything from it and doesn't even leave a ripple.

* * *

Then it was a third girl, a girl of coldness. A girl who was cold because her soul was cold and it permeated her body with a living, breathing coldness the way blood fills animals with a living, gushing warmth, and she said, "Here's an interesting note for you. Margaret committed suicide three days ago."

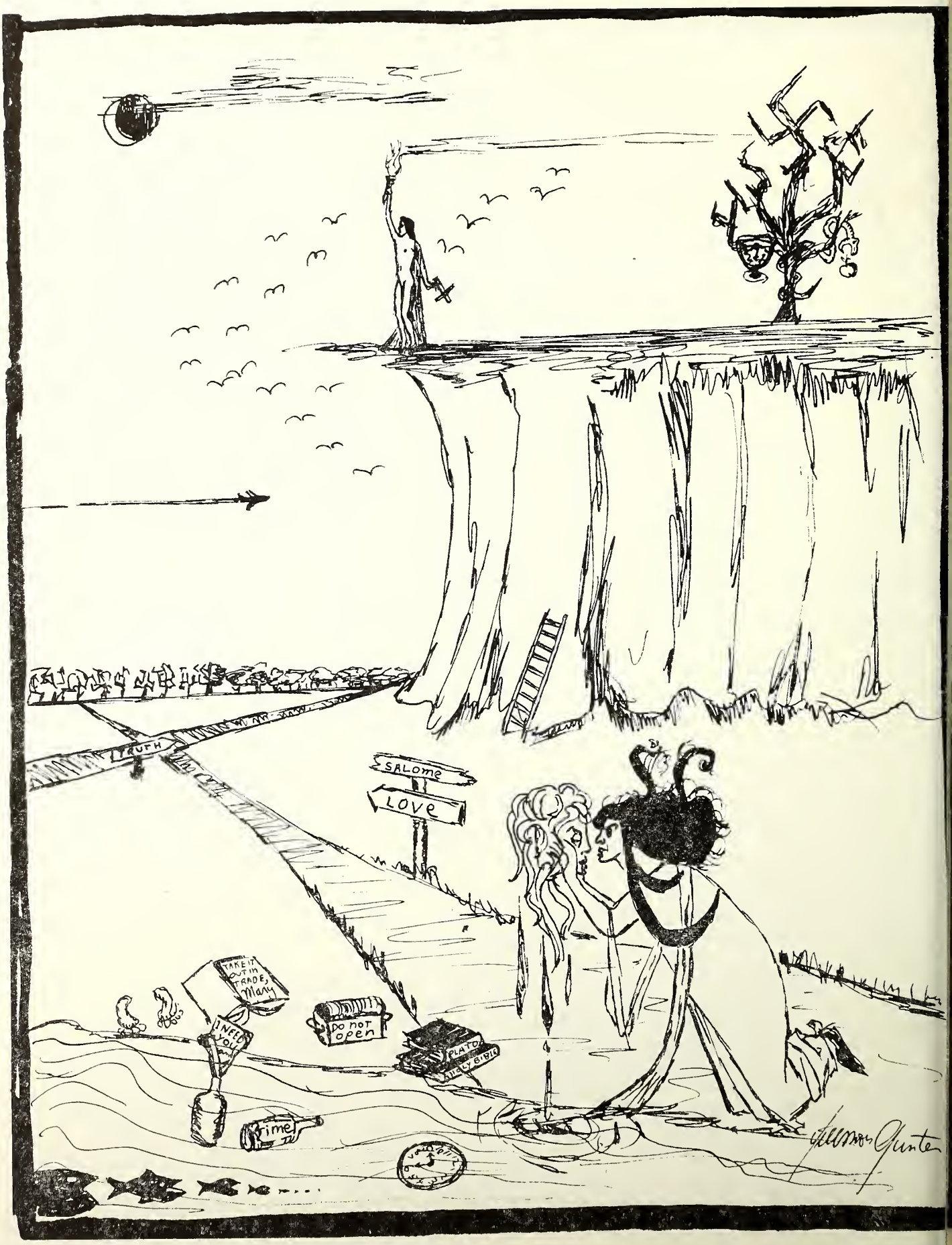
That was when it began. It welled up deep down in his gut like a huge wave and like a long night freight train wailing and moaning and gushing up through his throat; hearing it before it reached the actual air and it drew him bodily upward until he was sitting on the edge of the bed where it cracked out and wailing now like a great inhuman crow scream; half drowned in sleep and the scream still gushing and wailing somewhere not really in himself and going on as though it were an uncontrollable, unfathomable vomit of all the fear and passion and quiet furor of a lifetime all flooding out at once.

And then awake, the sobbing. The hysterical sobbing and laughter and

sweet tears of relief from the worry of the past days and weeks.

Then the sobbing over and knowing the cold girl had only been a dream and he'd never actually screamed but that it was just a part of the dream too. Wanting to scream and wishing he could have screamed but there was relief anyway even though the consciousness crowded it out a little, and reconciled to the quiet desperation knowing that there is no scream made that can kill the sadness. ●

—Bill Lancaster


TRUTH
SALOME
LOVE
TAKE IT OUT IN TRADE, Mary
I NEED YOU
DO NOT OPEN
PLATO
BIBLE
Time

Wofford's Publications Code

In the last issue of THE JOURNAL, attempted to present a serious and omplex problem. In this issue I would ike to offer a possible first step toward olution. That step would be to change he publications code which got Jim Dorsey kicked out of school.

Does our publications code need hanging? The answer is yes. Just look t it. The code is so vague and can be nterpreted in so many different ways hat it has the effect of an *ex post facto* aw. For example, take the sentence, Editors are expected to exhibit good aste in the contents of their publiations." If nine hundred people were sked to define "good taste" as opposed poor taste, there would probably be ine hundred different answers. Deending on how the administration hose to interpret "good taste' 'at any iven moment, any issue of any student ublication could be seized for violating e publications code.

And what about the words, "vulgar, bscene, and salacious"? The word

lacious is a synonym for lewd, and as ch has been clearly defined by our w courts. Anything which is salacious is to do with sex. After checking *Webster's Dictionary* and Judge John Woolsey's decision in the case of *The United States vs one book called "Ulysses,"* I can find nothing "salacious" in the issue of THE JOURNAL which got Jim Dorsey expelled. The same thing

can be said of "obscene." True, one may define "obscene" as anything which offends one's sense of modesty. The problem is, whose sense of modesty? Queen Victoria's? That worthy lady would probably find women's bermuda shorts obscene. I hope this is not the case at Wofford, but, after reading our "Publications Code," I'm not so sure.

"Vulgar" is the capper, however. "Vulgar" can refer to anything common or having to do with common men. In a country which recognizes no legal aristocracy, anything under the sun could be considered "vulgar." Suspense is a fine thing in a mystery novel, but it hardly belongs in a college's rules. And, indeed, Wofford's Publications Code is quite similar to a mystery novel. Everytime you write something for THE JOURNAL you are left wondering if "you done it." And you never know until the Judicial Council meets. Read our "Publications Code" sometime. It's good for a laugh. Unless you're planning on having something published.

Also, what about all the secrecy connected with the Judicial Council. Is the Council afraid to let the student body know what is going on? I don't know. But I do know that, while such secrecy might be consistent with the workings of the Spanish Inquisition, it is hardly appropriate in a college which, I assume, supports the American judicial system.

The next question is, what's to be done about this situation? There is little or nothing which can be done about the Judicial Council. We can petition the president of the college to define *clearly* and *concretely* what can and cannot be printed in student publications, and to give a *clear* and *logical* reason for forbidding the publication of certain material. This may not seem like much, but it is a start. There is such a petition now in the making. If enough students will support it, we might get something done. If, on the other hand, the majority of the members of this student body are determined to act like so many fruits, then the situ-

ation is hopeless. How can you keep a fruit from being plucked? If we are ever going to act, we had better do it now, before the situation gets any worse. ●

—Jerry Wall

No longer adolescent, you would be
An Adolescent Seer, and would see
The folly in the customs of the time,
The ineptness of those of us who rhyme
Like this—and as such a one, I'll admit
That such poetics stink, and so I'll quit.
However, my dear boy,
The point is, it's true,
That everyone from Holden Caulfield
To George McGough
Had a corner on the Adolescent Seer market
Long before you.

—R. W. McCredie
Second Place,
Helmus Poetry Contest

On being told by a perceptive freshman writer that the ultimate truth is that all things are phony.

Naked Trees

Naked trees
stand watching
while sunlight
settles on dead leaves;

and he drinks nature's brew
as she ponders,
with sunlight in her hair.

He trills
to the music of the spheres
while her cheeks burn;
cut by the winter wind,
brushed by her hair.

Weave the sunlight in her hair
for soon the night rushes in,
and we are lost
without light.

—James A. Grigsby
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contes

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SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301

Religion Quiz

Today's subject is idolatry.

"You can't center a religion in a nebulous nothing."

This is a statement made by:

a. A Protestant clergyman concerning the "God is Dead" movement.

b. A twelfth century Caananite priest concerning Yahwism.

* * *

"You can't prove there's a God," said Virginia.

"But there is one anyway," said Joe.

"My mother said there was," said Bill.

"I don't believe it," said Virginia.

"Are you calling my mother a liar?" said Bill.

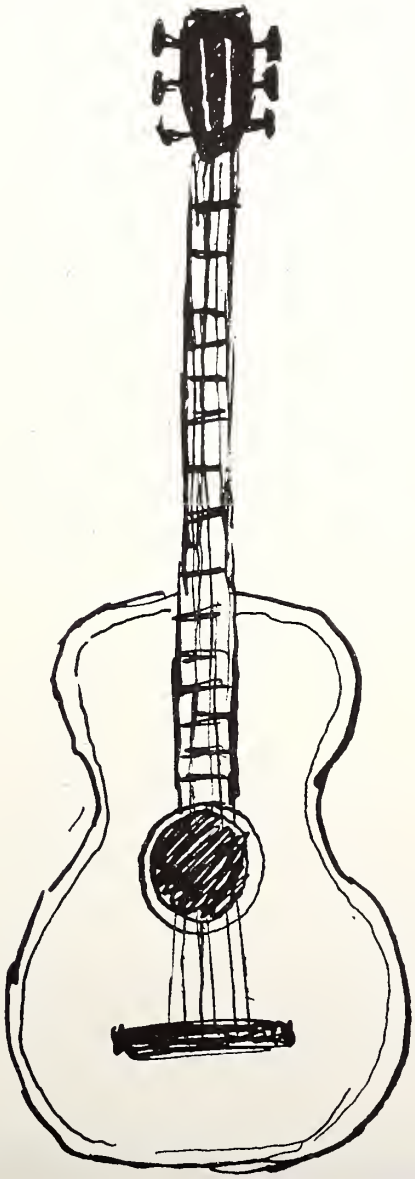
"No. I mean I like your mother a lot. I've got nothing against motherhood or anything like that. I'm really all for it. I think Jesus was too. It's just that—well I just don't know," said Virginia.

Joe said, "Just look at the world around you."

Virginia said, "Yeah."

Bill said, "Huh?"

Joe said, "Look at the miracle of life, the wonderful order of the universe, look at the flowers and the birds."



"I'm overwhelmed," said Bill.

"That certainly is very thought-provoking," said Virginia.

"My mother said there was a God," said Bill.

"I guess you're right," said Virginia.

"Of course I'm right," said Bill. "If my mother were wrong, where in the world would that leave me?"

Joe said, "I think it's good you went through a period of doubt, Virginia. Now your faith will be much stronger."

ATTENTION: This story was published in the *South Carolina Methodist Proponent* under the title "Yes, Virginia, There Is A God."

* * *

"God condemn" (jic) resounded through the auditorium.

Reverend Smith was on his feet and onto the platform in an instant. Mac Rankin was drunk and had gotten hold of the microphone while nobody was looking. Reverend Smith escorted Mac out of the building, but the damage had already been done. The evening was ruined. Everybody was so embarrassed. And they could imagine how God must feel. ●

—*Bruce Bauknight*

Spirit of Winter

That afternoon I stood in snow
Upon a mountain pale and white.
I watched the cold sun come and go,
And so I laughed at village lights.

I stayed to watch the cold clouds come
And saw the ice glaze streams below
And leave the woodland deaf and dumb
And buried under silent snow.

I stood in twilight—cold and warm
While no one in the freeze was free.
I was the victor of the storm.
The rage, the spoil belonged to me.

I am a stranger to the spring.
I sit alone most summer nights,
But still in dreams I dance and sing
And laugh in scorn at village lights.

—Harold Lawrence

Values In Literature

(Winning Essay, Freshman Essay Contest)

Ever since civilized men began to rule over the kingdom of the earth, they have demonstrated at least two basic motivations: the curiosity to learn more about everything in their environment, including themselves, and the desire to communicate their findings and their questions. Vocal exchange of ideas was, of course, the first method of expression, but mere word of mouth quickly became obsolete in a world where men were learning to build upon the thoughts of both their contemporaries and their predecessors. Desring to expand their range and to preserve their knowledge and hypotheses for posterity, they found in writing a place to perpetualize their thoughts, making them timeless and universally available. In this way literature was born, and each new age has subsequently nurtured this man-made child of thought.

The maturing world of literature is an extension of the purpose for which man first wrote. **Although in the modern age literature is often dogmatic or seemingly meaningless, it still remains a blend of curiosity, or a search for truth, and man's tendency to communicate with the world. The true values in literature lie in this search conducted by literary artists and amateurs alike. The object of their investigation is sometimes obscure, for when they expound upon some vague philosophy, create a lurid scene for the sake of effect, or condemn some personal injustice, it is often difficult to perceive any real values in the writing.** If all branches of literature were to converge, however, and the resulting conglomeration of human efforts examined, the focal point would certainly be the basic values that men are constantly debating; **the facts and the creativity found in literature must take second place to values.**

The values sought for when one attempts to extract something more from literature than factual knowledge or emotional satisfaction are abstract ideals which, when applied directly to life, impart a clearer meaning to the enigmatic situation of earthly existence. These values may be implied by traditional themes of love, hate, guilt, or beauty, or they may be more profound values of a religious essence. Whatever their type, or whatever the style in which they are insinuated, they are aimed at the investigation and decipherment of the nature of man, a subject vastly explored but barely penetrated. **Not only do these values provide enlightenment on the topic of man's psychological state, but they also provide justification and criticism of his sociological relations and moral structure and occasionally even assess the very worth of man.** When studied by the individual man, if literature succeeds in questioning any of his preconceptions or in showing him himself, the world, or the infinite, it proves that it is valuable.

Literature, then, is a mirror, in which man sees himself, his progress, his shortcomings, his virtues, and his flaws. The present world and the possible world are reflected, as are the man and the possible man. The image created in this mirror of literature is a portrait full of symbols and ideals, a portrait colored by values. It is man's creation; he may add a stroke to the masterpiece at will, and he may continually feed from the beauty and values of the work left to him by others. **Man polishes the mirror when he adds his soul to the reflected scene; he lays his pride bare and learns the value of knowing himslf. He then searches for truth, but never fully attains it; the value of literature is that it shows man, the seeker, wherein truth must lie.**

Man finds in literature exactly what he looks for; whether the object is superficial humor, vulgar pleasure, or spiritual renaissance, he can obtain it. These things are all values by their own rights, although they do not constitute a universal goal of man. When shallow thoughts or spontaneous desires lead to man's discovery of himself, they become values. Years of technical training, then, are no prerequisite for the discovery of the values in literature; the recognition of elementary symbols and the identification of their meaningfulness when applied to life are almost natural. With the ability to speak to the unlearned and the intellectual, literature says to man what his sensuousness allows him to absorb into his life. Rejecting the worthless and retaining the useful and significant, man reaps the value of literature.

Literature is soaked in the mood of man. It is the natural place for his original mind to dry its tears, shout its plea, and dream its wildest dreams. Knitting the literate world together, it is a web where reciprocal agreements can be made; man takes from and gives to his literature; he is both the beneficiary and the donor. In this give-and-take process principles are recorded which may, in time, **ripen** to become sets of values. Man lives by thinking, hoping, and striving; the sets of values upon which he bases these processes determine his success in living. His literature is filled with the beliefs, opinions, motives, and codes of ethics which constitute his values. **The bank of human thought and the mirror reflecting the worth of man, literature exists to assist man in his quest for truth.** ●

—*Peter Moore*

Hang It All,

I.

Hang it all, James Dorsey
There can be JOURNAL
Arete not in keeping with the aims and character
Of the ODYSSEY (by Snyder) . . .

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK
United States of America
libelant
v.
One Book called "Ulysses"
Random House, Inc.
Claimant

OPINION
A. 110-59

Two old maids and a Jewish judge
Who read the book and
Found no "dirt for dirt's sake."
Later,
One dean, two professors (not yet on tenure), two science majors,
And the concept of good taste. . . .
"Here patriot truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledg'd to Religion, Liberty, and Law." (here, a lawyer)
One Jewish judge who read the book.

ames Dorsey

II.

SUPREME JUSTICAR OF THE PEOPLE
("exterminate without mercy the undisciplined and disobedient . . .").
Above the praises of Hindenburg, the cheers of the *jugend,* and
the mandate of the people: 93.5% of the vote.
("Reasonable only by geography"—Pound)
And then Geobbels—product of seven universities—
Minister of Propaganda:

GLEICHSCHALTUNG.

Still the cheers of the *jugend.*

"The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere . . ."
"A kind of world attainable in our time and generation."
And Voltaire (always the *zoon politikon*) ". . . will defend
to the death. . . ."

III.

The Mayor—also a product of several universities
(Lawyer and winner of the award for public speaking).
Under the words of Horace,
Isocrates speaks of falsy testers and how
the laws of the city extend even to his excellency.
Laughter of the *jugend.*

—Paul Pittman
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

WOMAN

—Al Bonnoit

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Below Guinevere's Portrait On The Stair

I am apart from time. I am a part
Of the configuration of the afternoon:
The sense of absence that dwells below stairs
In the blue time between two and four,
A shaft of sunlight seven inches wide
On the oaken floor.
And so I sit apart upon the landing
In an oaken world
And participate in immortality
Inasmuch as I apprehend it
At the age of seven.

—R. W. McCredie
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

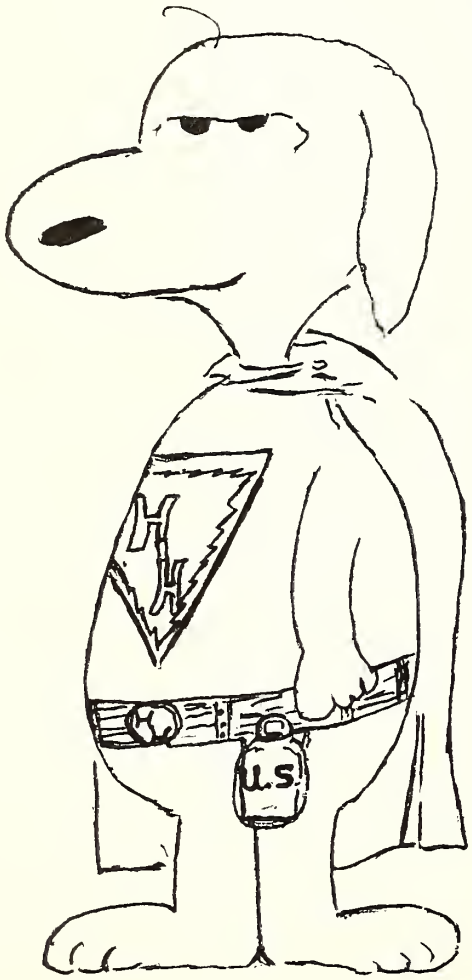
Freezing Rain

Freezing rain falls,
and slum houses
huddle together
like cold, wet dogs.

It is a picture
(in shades of gray
with coal ashes
here and there,
a chinaberry tree
in its ugly nakedness,
and a daffodil
in bloom)
suitable for framing.

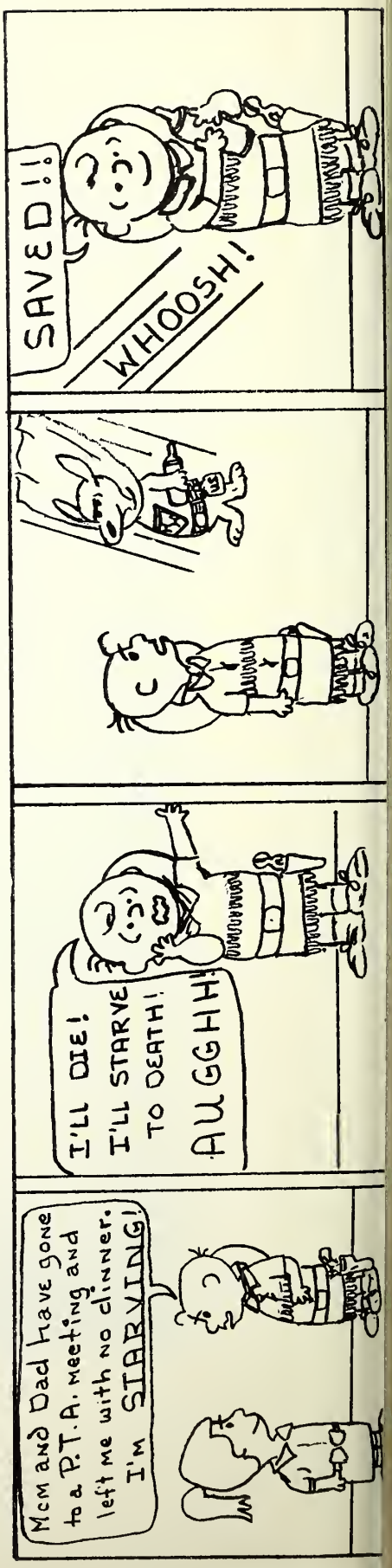
—James A. Grigsby
First Place,
Helmus Poetry Contest

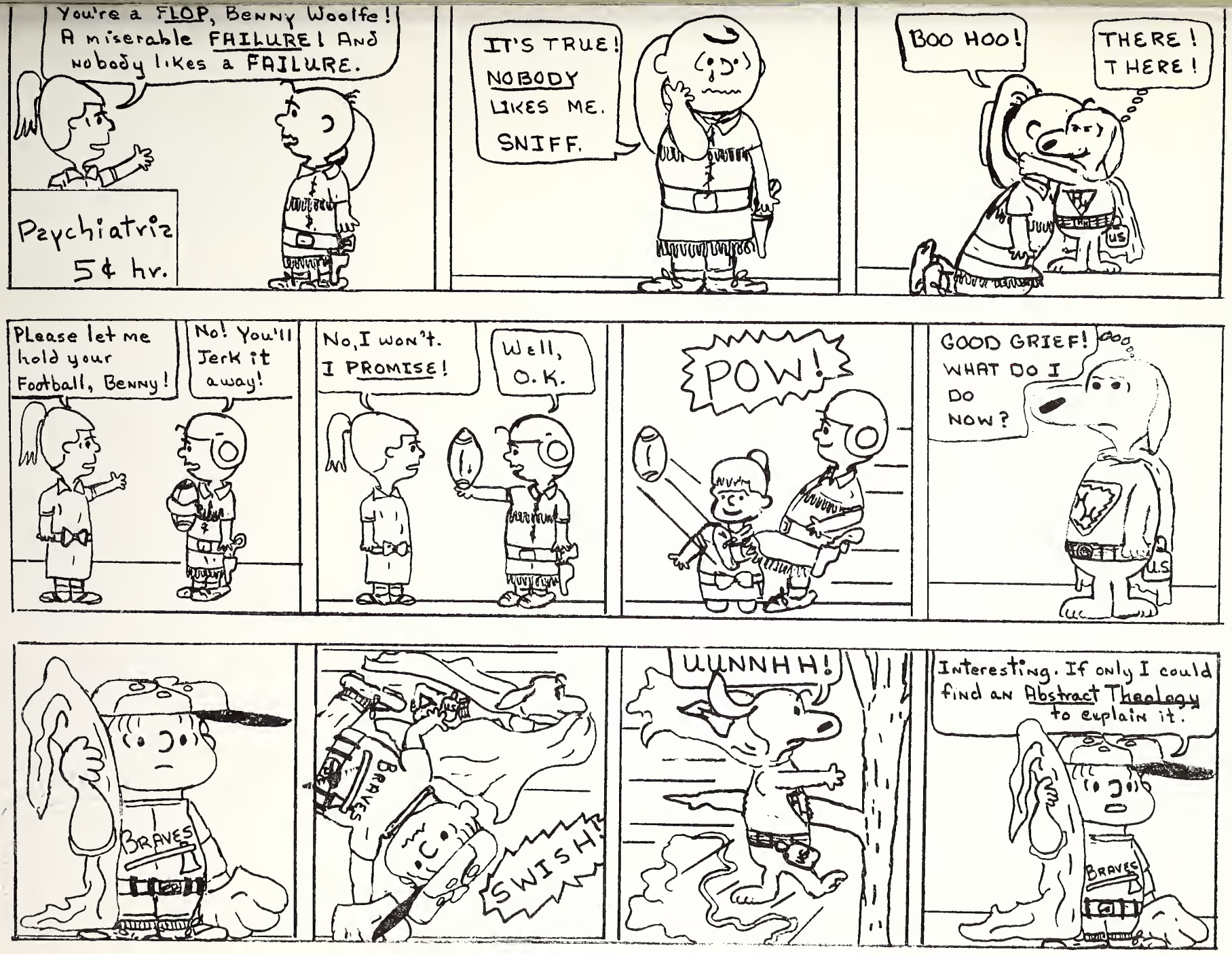
The Gospel According To Popcorn



SLOPPY
alias
HOUND OF HEAVEN

BENNY WOOLFE




You're a FLOP, Benny Woolfe! A miserable FAILURE! And nobody likes a FAILURE.
Psychiatric 5¢ hr.
IT'S TRUE! NOBODY LIKES ME. SNIFF.
BOO HOO!
THERE! THERE!
Please let me hold your Football, Benny!
No! You'll Jerk it away!
No, I won't. I PROMISE!
Well, O.K.
POW!
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT DO I DO NOW?
BRAVES
SWISH!
UUNNHH!
Interesting. If only I could find an Abstract Theology to explain it.

Letter To The Editor

May 5, 1966

Editor
THE JOURNAL OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to "Jim Dorsey and The Wofford College Administration" by Jerry Wall, THE JOURNAL OF WOFFORD COLLEGE, Vol. 89, No. 3, March, 1966.

Mr. Wall's article has very definite merit; however, there are certain comments that need sorely to be made about the "Dorsey Incident." First there are actually two issues involved: 1) the evaluation by the administration of the recent controversial issue of THE JOURNAL, 2) the action of the Judicial Council and the administration against Mr. Dorsey. The distinction between these two issues and the distinction between the sources of the action are most important distinctions that seem to have been lost in the fervor of the argument. Let me comment on these issues in the order in which they occurred.

1. In his article Mr. Wall expresses the belief that the particular issue of THE JOURNAL involved made some very "honest" and "true" points about Wofford College. He believes that the administrative action against that issue was based not so much on the truth or honesty of the points, or so much on the manner in which the points were expressed but on considerations for the "image" of the school off campus, that image being in contradiction with the "truth." Mr. Wall feels that this is application of the old "double standard" or plain dishonesty. However, he feels that the administration is not aware of its application of the double standard, i.e., its dishonesty, and therefore is only honestly dishonest.

If we assume that the image of the college was the prime consideration of the administration (it was, no doubt, an important consideration), then I can almost agree with Mr. Wall's analysis. However, I do not consider the administration to be so naive in regard to a

double standard. It would seem that the administration did what they felt to be in the best interest of the College under the circumstances and were for this reason honestly dishonest. However, the "image" may not have been the only important consideration, and this analysis may, therefore be a gross oversimplification.

Mr. Wall further implies that the administration should be above such application of a double standard. Again I almost agree; however, I also recognize some of the practical difficulties that may be involved. If we have both a real existence and an image, then both of these are parts of our reality. Just how important is that image? If it is of no importance, the implication for the "Dorsey Incident" are obvious. However, if it is of importance, it must be given its due protection. While the "truth" is certainly of very great importance, can it be stated equally well without doing great damage to the image? It is within this context that one must attempt to be "honest" and within this context that both THE JOURNAL and the administration must be judged.

In order to contest the administration's decision within the context of Mr. Wall's argument it would seem that one must take the position that a) there is no image, or b) THE JOURNAL was not contradictory with or did no damage to that image, or c) the image is of no importance, or d) the "truth" could not have been presented in any less damaging way. One the other hand one might attempt a defense of THE JOURNAL on the basis of the right to publish material which is "vulgar, obscene, and salacious," if he qualified the right with a purpose. It is possible that THE JOURNAL should have been defended for one or more of these reasons. The point is, however, that if it should have been defended, the only defense that has been offered to my knowledge is literal and deafening screams of "censorship," "oppression" and "police brutality." At best this seems to be committing "the last temptation (which)

the greatest treason of doing the right thing for the wrong reason."

2. Mr. Wall states, "The administration of Wofford College kicked Jim Dorsey out of school because he published a cartoon, a set of pictures, and perhaps some other things in the last issue of THE JOURNAL which the administration considered 'vulgar, obscene, and salacious.'" If this were true the administration would have been dishonest within the context of Mr. Wall's thesis. However, at this point Mr. Wall is being dishonest, himself, in a far more direct fashion. Mr. Dorsey was "kicked out of school" by the administrationn AND the Judicial Council, which by the way has some little student involvement. Further, you will recall that there was a matter of lying to the Dean of Students. There may have been other things, but let us assume that there were not, for this one alone is sufficient. If this latter reason was at all considered in the ruling of the administration then that ruling was strictly proper and strictly "honest."

Now, what was the reason for the action against Mr. Dorsey? You can accept the word of the administration, or you can speculate on the basis of your own bias, for it cannot be empirically determined. In his "attempt to change a tradition, to change the environment of the college," Mr. Dorsey resorted to tatics illegal within the system. This is intolerable in any system and judgment will always be taken against it. Thus, the judgment may have been in consideration of the attempt or of the illegal tatic or both. Mr. Dorsey contaminated these issues, himself, and thereby rendered any defense difficult if not impossible.

This system, like all systems in this country, has built into it the sufficient and necessary mechanisms to bring about change. For those of you who do not know, this is the avenue of action the faculty AND administration are presently following to bring about a change in the "academic environment of the college." This avenue is usually slow and the results usually not so dramatic, but it is legal and sure. Attacks from outside the system are destined to fail until such a time as you can bring about a literal "coup d'etat."

When the students conduct a sincere and intelligent attempt to change the college from within the system, then and only then will you be able to judge the judgment of the administration. In the meantime you will continue to produce out of your frustration only other false martyrs.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT C. HALL
Assistant Prof. of Psychology

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE

For those of you who happen to think that a system is changed only by outside agitation (and that a system by its very nature is impotent and static), THE JOURNAL welcomes you over to the side of the angry young men.

THE
CHESTNUT SHOP
Features the "Ivy-Look" In
- London Fog Jackets and Coats
- Alligator Top Coats
- Sport Coats
- Shirts
- Slacks

THE
Aug. W. Smith Co.

HORTON'S CLEANERS
We Are Shirt Specialists
We Rent Formal Wear
146 NORTH LIBERTY STREET

Other Honorable Mentions previously printed in THE JOURNAL are as follows:

"Love Song of an Athenian Eunuch," Harold Lawrence (January, '66)
"Naked Trees," by James A. Grigsby (March, '66)
"Ode to Miss Kindhearted," by James A. Grigsby (March, '66)

THE SET

"Am I well? Are I without words, fitting? Do I hang on the brink of the sullen sink? Quink. Blink," Said the salesman.
"Mnpqbj," he reiterated.

Stack them towels higher than in twos. Make two rows, not fourteen. Two yellow rose. But make them palpitate, luringly fragile. Then bring in bottles of wine-colored cleanser. On the table near the register, where else? Much more better if you do it in the dark. disorderly. He (the customer) will come buy. and by. Towels. Stacked like a brick, house. There's the demand to consider.

—AL BONNOIT

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English, Spanish, French, and Russian Dictionaries
College Outline Series
Schaum's Outline Series

College Seals and Jewelry
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Monday through Friday
8:30 A. M. - 3:30 P. M.
Saturday: 9:00 A. M. - 12:00 P. M.

The Prey

The mist is rising off the empty street
In wraith-like shapes that writhe and flow about
As if pursued against their will by light
That comes without a word or sign but creeps
At first, next crouches, springs, and then is there
Almost alone, to stay or chase the few
Who leave at last without a fight for home.
The conqueror assumes an air of state
And flings himself both far and wide as if
To seek and find and slay again the mist;
But all in vain for none survived his first
Assault except the few who ran for home.

—George C. Meetze, III
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

IVY-STYLED FASHIONS
PRICES'
Store For Men
113-115 N. Church Street
- Bass Weejuns
- Sero Shirts
- London Fog Coats

CRAFT'S
DRUG STORES
Spartanburg - Gaffney - Greer

WHITLOCK'S PHARMACY, INC.
(Next to General Hospital)
Complete Drug Service

ARTEX CLEANERS
Where **The Students** Get
A Big Discount
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Spartanburg, S. C.

GREENEWALD'S
INCORPORATED
Complete Outfitters for College Men

HERACLITUS

(Thy selfish suffering brought thee happiness.
Thy self-denial was too much to live.)

They tell me, Heraclitus, you are dead.
They laugh your death and cry it in the town,
Unmindful of the weary arms that spread
For welcomed crucifixion and a crown.
And they are loath to give you but a frown,
You human being with the dream of God.
Who else has borne your burden of renown?
All else would falter in the steps you trod
And deem you mortal, doomed to molder in this sod.

Far off, your mother fills her arms with flowers
To water them with tears upon your grave.
There is no tomb, no stone, no waking hour,
No triumph here, no reason to be brave,
No cause to suffer, and no cause to save.
Your cause had purpose only for its own.
You gained far more in suffering than you gave.
The voice you brought was only monotone.
You journeyed far, aloft, asleep, and so alone.

And still your people pause and ask you why
In your undoing, you left them undone.
What could you say? Oh, you could only die
And leave them all to swelter in the sun,
To ponder death and hope that you had won.
Alas, dear Heraclitus, you have lost!
Your twisted imitation of the Son
Has chilled your gentle features with this frost.
Oh how the finite fares of fame and folly cost!

My Heraclitus, I have found you now,
A crust filled with vain glory like my own.
You wear the crown of death upon your brow.
Seek for the worlds where other men have gone—
Beware of the immortal and unknown!
Weep not in mental anguish on your way!
The hand of fate and fortune has not shown
The reasons for our brief life's night and day.
I bid you hasten! Go! There is no more to say.

—Harold Lawrence
Third Place,
Helmus Poetry Contest

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Editorial

(Continued from Page One)

of The Journal staff. Jerry Wall has written an article in this issue. His proposal is seconded by The Journal. An abstract code gives you freedom, but it's an invisible enemy who (in this case) strikes to kill.

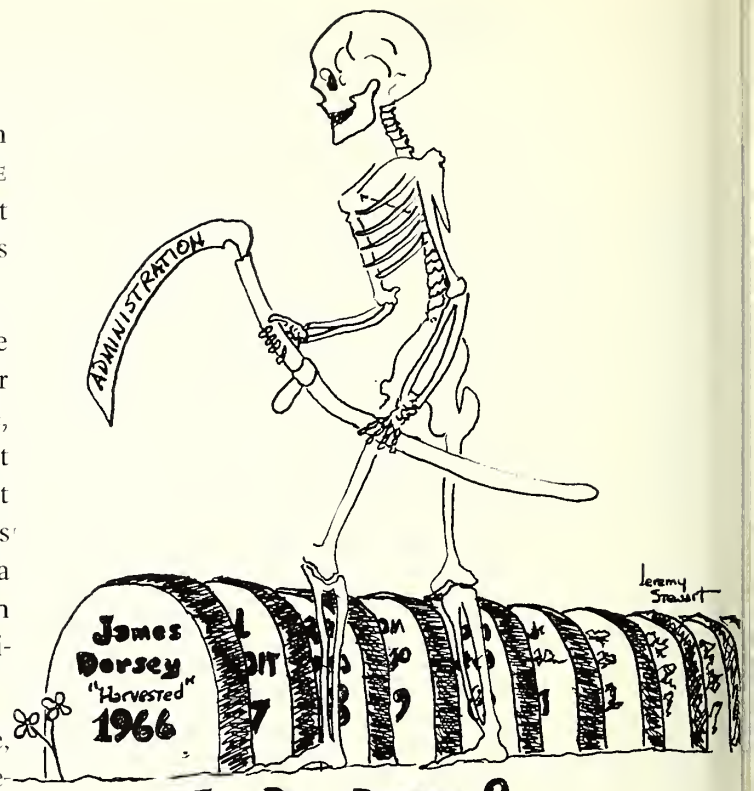
In the twentieth century we have passed the Early Renaissance mixture of art and morality (or religion). Maybe we haven't found anything else, but I thought it was pretty much accepted that art has nothing to do with ethics. Not here. What artist today, aware of twentieth century problems can consciously work under the jurisdiction of a code, any code, of ethics? We don't think it can be done, at least if it is, it doesn't produce art. Philosophy maybe.

O. K. The issue of The Journal, every issue, might be seen by some influential people, specifically, the ones who give the college money. O. K. A college needs money. But we of The Journal feel that if a college, an industry, or any other system which needs money goes around trying harder not to offend than to sell, that concern will lose in its continual backing away from commitment. Not only losing money, but any sort of purpose too.

Granted that Harvard is an established institution, but they don't seem to be terribly repulsed at the thought of giving the students a little freedom to demonstrate, write, or otherwise express themselves. The Journal may as well become *Ethics Today* or *Meditations* as to survive under its present limitations. If it can survive at all.

This issue we had a choice: to destroy the hypocrisy, or to live in it. Then we didn't have a choice any more. We cannot limit our art to that which expresses one thing (the ethical code). If working in this system, we found a work which expressed something outside this code, we either say it's not art, or we say, "I'm sorry. You show talent but you will have to try a national magazine. You see, this is not in accord with the Publications Code. Etc., etc."

Nobody can touch an abstract code. All we are doing in this issue is to try to persuade somebody to do something about it. We apologize to Jerry Wall



The Dim Reaper?

because we have reiterated his point. It bothers us too.

* * * *

Along with the Publications Code, some other things. What is all this concern for an intellectual atmosphere? We are not too sure what an intellectual atmosphere looks like but we'll talk about it too. Justice, intelligence, loyalty, intelligence, freedom, intelligence, love, intelligence, intelligence. intelligence. There.

We can't build on intelligence now. It's too late. We have to build on humility. On a willingness to accept new ideas, or anything else which challenges the rut that The Journal cannot lawfully break from.

* * * *

The paradoxical nature of this issue of The Journal is resolved in the writers themselves. We have shown the absurdity, hopefully, of any attempt to dictate an ideal to art. The absurdity in the magazine is satire. Does everyone know what satire is? Anyway we have tried to show health, a health that exists in some campus writers, and at the same time destroy a decadent ideal. Maybe in about 1999 the destruction will be unnecessary.

* * * *

"Pprrpffrrppff."

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